JOHN BULL, JUNE 4, 1927

Vol. XLI. No. 1064

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Postage all over the world, 1d.

"Men with WILLS of their own."

Said Mr. Gold to Mr. Flake —

"It depends on the luck of the draw, Mr. Flake."

"Not always," said Mr. Flake. "I'll tell you what to put a shilling on with safety."

"What's that, Mr. Flake?"

"Twenty 'Gold Flakes,' Mr. Gold, and you're sure of a good draw."

ISSUED TO DRAW
ATTENTION TO THE MERITS OF
WILLS'
"GOLD FLAKE" CIGARETTES

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 35.)

Mrs. W. Fleming, Basted House, Boro' Green, Kent.
Mrs. Fletcher, 47, Mill Bank, Wellington, Salop.
G. F. Glen, 23, Belle Vue Rd., Southend-on-Sea.
F. Gordon, 40, Wellclose Terr., Leeds.
Mrs. K. Green, 17, Glenlea Rd., Well Hall, S.E.
T. J. Griffiths, Benson St., Penclawdd, Swansea.
Mrs. Grimsley, "Drummond Villa," S. Parade, Skegness
E. F. Hague, 84, Wilkes Rd., Winson Green, B'ham.
J. Harris, 412, London Rd., Thornton Heath.
W. H. Harris, 4, Fortescue Rd., Barnstaple.
T. R. Hedgecock, "Fernlea," Burton Rd., Warrington.
E. F. Higginson, 31, Lower Downs Rd., Wimbledon.
Mrs. W. A. Hill, 41, Leng St., Dundee.
T. Hill, 725, Eltonhead Rd., St. Helens, Lancs.
M. Hoyle, 55, Newsome Rd. South, Huddersfield.
E. Hulcoop, Rectory Lane, Bentley, Farnham.
J. Hunter, Greenends, Alston, Cumberland.
W. T. Inglis (Staff) C. of L. Hospital, Victoria Park.
R. W. Jackson, Pine Tree Poultry Farm, Cranborne.
S. James, 78, West St., Gateshead.
W. Jay, c/o 2, Crofton Court Cotts., Orpington.
G. Jenkins, 164, West St., Fareham, Hants.
Mrs. C. H. Johncock, Willesborough, Ashford, Kent.
B. C. Jordan, Harwell, Steventon, Berks.
Miss Kenny, "Freagh," Miltown Malbay, Co. Clare.
J. K. Kirkbride, 7, Warwick Rd., Carlisle.
Mrs. Lewis, 38, Council St., Stanley, Durham.
G. S. Light, 34, Mayfair St., West Hartlepool.
T. A. Marshall, 44, Parkview Rd., Croydon.
J. McLean-Walden, 22, St. Alfege Rd., Charlton.
J. Moorhouse, Croft Villa, Middlestown, Yorks.
W. Morgan, Rhyd-y-Penau Rd., Llanishen, Cardiff.
O. Owen, Brunlea, Cheshunt, Herts.
W. T. Pates, 69, Leighton Rd., Cheltenham.
D. Peacock, 94, Park Lane, Darlington.
P. Pearce, 22, Woodcroft Av., Broomhill, Glasgow.
J. Pearson, 57, Bush St., Middlesbrough.
C. Pickstone, Nursery House, Radcliffe, Lancs
T. Pointon, 23, Newcastle Rd., Stoke-on-Trent.
Mrs. H. Price, 4, Park Lane, Kilmarnock.
L. Pugh, "Sandycroft," Neston, nr. Birkenhead.
T. Reid, Post Office, Prestwick, Ayrshire.
W. H. Richardson, 15, Radley Sq., Bulwell, Notts.
S. Roberts, 11, Sackville Rd., Bangor, N.W.
Miss M. Roscoe, 31, High Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
A. Rowed, 2, Bridgeland St., Bideford, Devon.
J. Rowland, The Green, Bearsted, Maidstone, Kent.
R. Sage, Stowford, Colaton Raleigh, nr. Sidmouth.
Mrs. St. Clair Otley, Rodney St., Liverpool.
J. Salsbury, 51, Montague St., Cleethorpes, Lincs.
J. Scamell, 15, Franklin St., Bromley-by-Bow, E.
Miss D. Simper, Ivy Cottage, Fovant, Wilts.
J. Simpson, Angus Bldgs., Low Walker, Newcastle.
P. J. Smith, "Lyndhurst," Bell Lane, Kesgrave.
T. Smith, 12, Villars St., Liverpool.
Mrs. A. Stevens, Peel Arms Inn, Whittington, Staffs.
J. Sturrock, 307, King St., Broughty Ferry.
M. E. Todhunter, 10, Spurgeon St., West Gorton.
Miss G. Utton, 57, Swains Lane, London, N.
Mrs. A. Waters, 44, Queensferry Rd., Rosyth, N.B.
W. G. Welch, Wainfleet St. Mary's, Wainfleet.
Mrs. H. J. Willis, 58, Seymour St., N. Shields.
H. Wilson, 12, Pine View Gardens, Torquay.

(Continued on page 4)

■	■	L	A	T	E	R	■	L	A	M	B	■	■	■
A	L	T	I	T	U	D	E	■	R	U	R	A	L	■
C	H	A	R	■	N	E	X	U	S	■	M	A	T	E
T	A	R	E	■	A	P	T	■	T	U	B	B	E	D
■	M	■	A	R	T	■	B	A	N	E	■	D	■	■
A	B	H	O	R	■	S	A	T	I	R	E	■	S	■
G	R	E	E	C	E	■	A	B	U	T	■	L	■	W
L	A	I	R	■	L	O	V	E	R	■	F	O	R	E
E	■	R	■	D	U	P	E	■	E	P	O	P	E	E
T	■	S	O	U	S	E	D	■	A	G	E	N	T	■
■	V	■	R	E	I	N	■	L	E	T	■	E	■	■
T	O	M	A	T	O	■	R	I	M	■	U	R	G	E
R	I	O	T	■	N	A	I	V	E	■	L	O	A	D
A	C	T	O	R	■	■	S	E	R	E	N	A	D	E
P	E	E	R	■	E	V	E	R	Y	■	A	M	E	N

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 34.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

116 more Cheques for Registered Readers

Owing to lack of space we are able to publish this week a few only of the names and addresses of the 116 Registered Readers who receive cheques.

FIRE UP TO £400

DAGENHAM, ESSEX.—Mrs. R. E. VAUGHAN, 142, Broad Street.
NEW CUT, S.E.1.—Mr. A. T. PENN, 4, Victoria Place, Breedwell.
ST. DOGMAELS PEM.—Mr. W. MORRIS, High Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. V. WHYSALL, 27, Wood Street, Hillsboro.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. E. ANGUS, 5, Canmore Road, off London Road, Newbank.
CASTLEBLAYNEY, CO. MONOGHAN, IRELAND.—Miss A. WATTERS, Anyart.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. G. H. MILLS, 47, Lappings Lane, Wadsley Bridge.
DEWSBURY.—Mr. G. W. BROOKE, 32, Thornhill Street, Savile Town.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. G. MORISON, South Coates Cottage, Devon Place.
BELLINGHAM, KENT.—Mr. W. A. ROGERS, 291, Brockhouse Road.
GLASGOW.—Mr. P. DOWDALL, 8, Patterson Street, Dalmuir West.
LANGRISH, Nr. PETERSFIELD, HANTS.—Mrs. C. W. NORMAN, 5, Upper Bordean Cottages.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. R. A. BELL, 91, Stainton Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. F. MARSHALL, Sedgewick Street, Jacksdale.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. RIDDLE, 205, Thistle Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. D. McCANN, 234, Whitfield Road, Scotswood.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. E. JACKSON, 70, Hamilton Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. CLARK, 4, Albany Street, off Hillkirk Street, Ardwick.
GREENOCK.—Mr. W. C. JENKINS, 116, Drumforchar Road.
WARWICKSHIRE.—Mrs. MARY JONES, Castle View Cottage, Hartshill, Nr. Atherstone.
DEVON.—Mr. GEO. REED, Jnr., Hillhayes, Broad Clyst Village.
HAMPTON WICK, MIDDLESEX.—Mr. L. J. WYNNE, Flat E., Riverside.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

KIRK SANDALL, Nr. DONCASTER, YORKS.—Mr. H. DUCKITT, 36, Sutton Road.
DONCASTER, YORKS.—Mr. S. BLATCH, 15, Finch Road, Balby.
GRAVESEND, KENT.—Mr. E. WHITE, 13, Princes Street.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. C. G. ROBSON, 102, Bede Street, Tyne Dock.
DENABY MAIN, Nr. ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. J. E. BURNS, 9, Braithwell Street.
COVENTRY, WARWICKSHIRE.—Mr. E. FAIRBROTHER, "Chertsey," Sandy Lane.
NEWARK, NOTTS.—Mr. F. W. OLD, 2, Jubilee Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. B. CROFT, 7, Norton Lees Road, Meersbrook.
NEATH, GLAM.—Mrs. J. DRAPER, 32, Alfred Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. S. PALMER, 55, Caroline Street.
BLAENAVON, MON.—Mr. G. HATHERALL, 15, Fair View, Carn-yr-Erw.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mr. JOHN R. RAINE, 11, Oswald Street, Whitelees, Tyne Dock.
AXBRIDGE, SOMERSET.—Mrs. H. S. SIMPSON, Cheddar Road.
PONTYPOOL, MON.—Mrs. M. DREW, 3, Freehold Lane, Pontnewynydd.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. S. BONNELL, 49, Fleet Street, Brightside Lane.
SWINTON, YORKS.—Mrs. D. MOULSON, 4, Warren Vale Road.
LLANELLY.—Mr. J. GREENHALF, 23, Christopher Street.
ASHINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. G. W. GRAHAM, 2/2, Sycamore Street.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. J. H. ATHORN, 27, Pym Road, Maxboro.
NEWFIELD, Nr. NEWCASTLE.—Mr. THOMAS DIXON, 24, West Terrace.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. T. HUNT, 259, Green Lane Road.
ASHINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. T. MORDUE, 35, Juliet Street.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

GLASGOW.—Mr. A. MURPHY, 168, Graeme Street.
BLYTH.—Mrs. P. TAYLOR, 14, New Row, Cambois.
BLYTH.—Mr. R. A. BENNETT, Ridley Arms Hotel, Northumberland Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. N. K. GURLING, 28, Cross Street, Radcliffe.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. SHORRMAN, 1, Frost Street, City Road, Hulme.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. J. N. KERR, 9, Ramsey Lane, Portobello.
LEAMINGTON SPA.—Mrs. S. ASHLEY, 7, Godfrey Buildings, Brook Street.
GLASGOW.—Mr. J. McKNOWN, 21, Hill Street, Springburn.
COVENTRY.—Mrs. M. A. SMITH, 126, Station Street East.
BARRY.—Mrs. E. REID, 12, Lee Road, Cadoxton.
HANTS.—Mr. J. I. BESSANT, 19, Ower, Nr. Romsey.
ASKERN, Nr. DONCASTER.—Mrs. R. FULLER, 63, Manor Road.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. WHITEHEAD, 48, Wellington Street, Moss Side.
CAMBERWELL, S.E.5.—Mrs. S. COOK, 1, Ulric Street.
SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. M. INGS, 98, Mortimer Road, Itchen.
HEBBURN-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. PURDY, 2 Church Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. PEARS, 4, Stonefield Street, Woodhouse.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. A. I. ALDERSON, 44, Malcolm Street, Heaton.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. M. E. BLACKBURN, 15, Railway Street, Brindle Heath, Pendleton.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. H. A. DAVIS, 35, Louisa Street, Docks.

NEWSAGENTS BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

TOTAL BENEFITS NOW PAID 26,547

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Reader's Signature.....
Name and Address of Newsagent.....
.....
Date.....
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B. 4/6/27.

CUT HERE.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date.....

J.B. 4/6/27.

Hair-Growing Discovery

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy St., (83KN) London, W.1.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

JOHN BULL Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"I purchased your 'de luxe' Pen in November, 1916, and used it ever since. A wonderful bargain! Looks like being a family heirloom! —H.A.S., West Bromwich.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6
You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

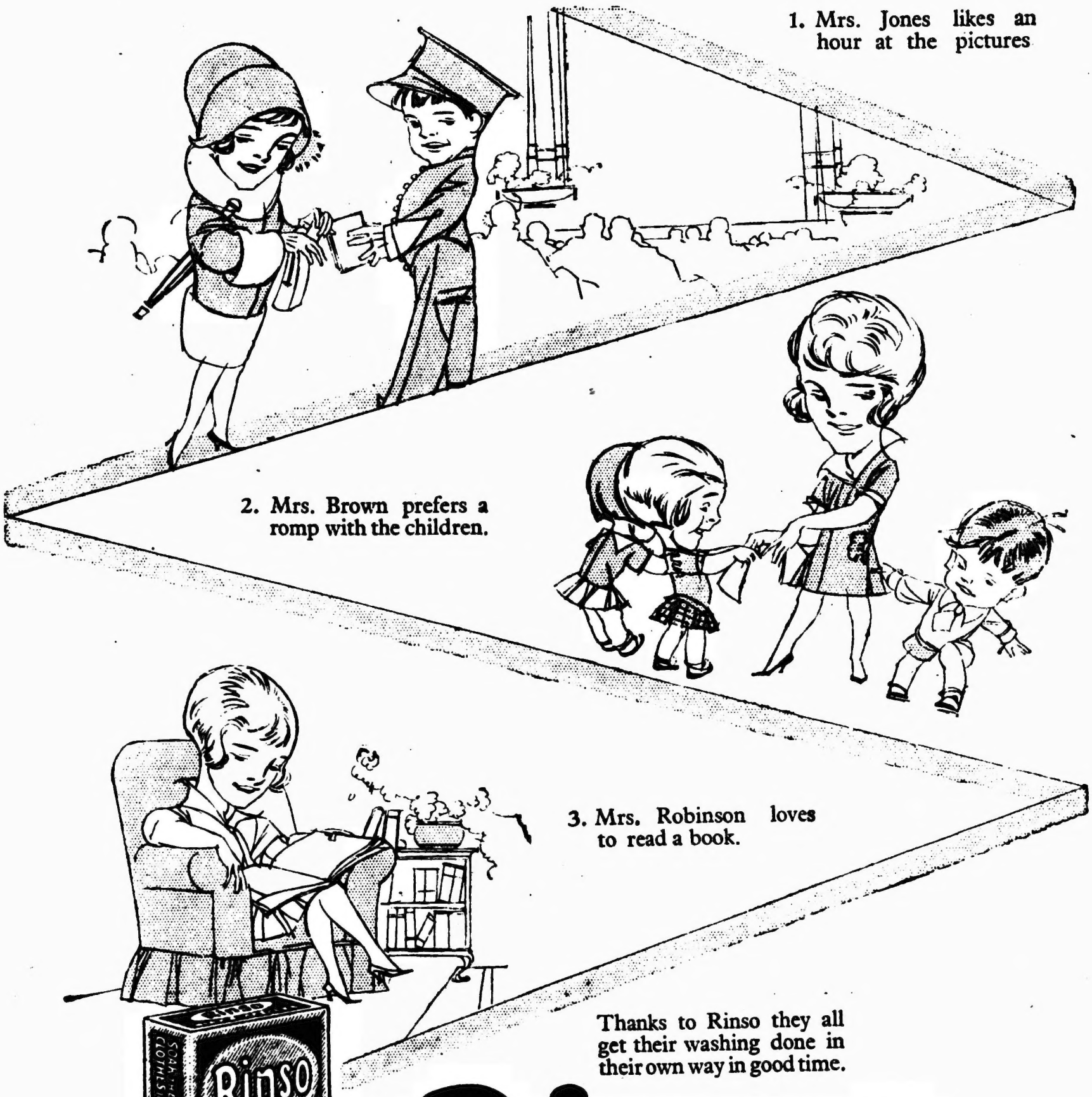
Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

YOU SAVE 13/6

Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

Britain's washday—*featuring* Rinso


1. Mrs. Jones likes an hour at the pictures
2. Mrs. Brown prefers a romp with the children.
3. Mrs. Robinson loves to read a book.
Thanks to Rinso they all get their washing done in their own way in good time.
Rinso
THE DIRT DISPELLER
SOAK THE CLOTHES IN RINSO "THAT'S ALL"

Rinso

washes every way

COLD OR HOT OR BOILING

R263-109

R. S. HUDSON, LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR WHITSUN SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 7/6 down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns, Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
28, LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

THIS FINE 1927 PRAM 4/6 DOWN

The "Famous Hotspur" Era Pram is an up-to-date model, compact yet roomy, easy to wheel. It is the ideal pram for the small house or flat; when not in use the tubular handle folds down. Well sprung; Apron with Storm Flap; Adjustable Hood. 10in. wheels. Beautifully painted and varnished dark blue, dark brown, dove or suede.

and 7/6 monthly. Price, on ½ in. wired-on-tyres, £3:9:6, on 5/8in. wired Ribbed Cushion Tyres, £3:10:6. (5% off for cash). Despatched carr. paid with minimum delay on receipt of 4s. 6d

Other models 39/6 to 10 Gns., also Folding Cars, on easy terms. Send for Art Catalogue.

E. J. HERAUD, Baby Car Specialists.
(Dept. "J.J."), No. ONE, EDMONTON. London, N. 18.

KNITTERS WANTED

To Work Imperia Knitting Machines at Home. No experience necessary.

You can earn £2 to £3 a week comfortably working for us at home with an IMPERIA KNITTER making Socks, &c. **WE GUARANTEE TO BUY YOUR WORK AT GOOD RATES** or you can sell to private customers and **START A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN**; even in odd moments it is easy to make a pound or more weekly. The Imperia Knitter means a sure and steady income.

Write to-day for FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK and our WORK BUYING GUARANTEE.

THE IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. CO., LTD
(Dept. J.B.), 97, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

FREEMANS
Celebrated
SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Applications for Agency Invited

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

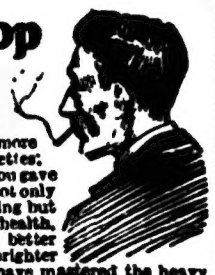
15/- PER ROLL OF 81 SQ. FT.

The cheapest *and* the most beautiful floor covering in the world, direct to you at manufacturer's prices—hard wearing, easily cleaned, damp-proof, and all rolls 2 yards wide—that's

ARTOLEUM BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

SAMPLES and Coloured Price Lists FREE
J. LLOYD'S, Artoleum House, 82, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1

How to Stop Smoking



Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes. How much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— . . . . . .

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

THE NEW SHOE

Phillips 'Stick-a-Soles' give the finishing touch . . . Thin, light, durable soles which keep the shoes in shape . . . absolutely invisible. *Fixed with PHILLIPS SOLUTION only.*

Phillips Stick-a-Soles Ladies' 2/6 Men's 3/6
With PHILLIPS SOLUTION

Of all Bootmen. Fixing extra. Look for the name PHILLIPS.

Bullets Prize-winners

(Continued from page 2.)

J. Woodruff, 78, Wellington St., Millom, Cumberland
F. Woolsey, 175, Rotherhithe St., Rotherhithe, S.E.
Mrs. A. Young, 99, Kings Rd., Reading.
Mrs. Young, Romsey, Chelsfield, Kent.

A Complete List of 100 £1, 200 5/-, and 1,000 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

ADVANCE EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 641

LAND WE LIVE IN	FIRST HOME
THE PRINCE'S SMILE	HIS TYPIST
HARD	PAYING US
THE REASON WHY	NOT NOTICED
NEEDS A HOLIDAY	POOR SHOW
SHE WISHES THAT	ON THE SHELF
WISE NATION	MISTAKEN KINDNESS
MANKIND	THE TOP DOG
EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS	WORRIES MOTHER
HAPPY MAN	WHAT IS FLYING?

These Examples may be made use of on the Coupons on page 35, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 23.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **641** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 641, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain Examples for "Bullets" No. 643.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 640 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

THIN TIRED WOMEN NEED THIS TONIC.

A SURE WAY TO RADIANT, YOUTHFUL HEALTH.

I always feel sorry for those hundreds of women who are kept perpetually thin and tired by hard work. Of course, the work must be done, but the suffering is needless, for a recently discovered tonic called Blood-Iron Phosphate will give new strength and vitality. Blood-Iron Phosphate owes its remarkable power to special nerve-creating phosphates and blood-enriching iron, which combine to strengthen nerves, develop the figure, and increase powers of endurance. Don't suffer that awful tiredness and weakness longer—get a 3s. package of Blood-Iron Phosphate from your chemist, and take a five-grain tablet with your meals. You'll be delighted at the wonderful change in yourself. And Blood-Iron Phosphate is guaranteed, too—for if you do not look and feel healthier, happier and stronger, and if your weight is not increased, you can have your money back for the asking.

NO OPERATIONS should be permitted

on nose or throat before reading my booklet—FREE on receipt of 1½d. for postage. Catarrh, Adenoids, Tonsils and respiratory diseases can be successfully treated by my method. Consultations daily. Advice by post.

PHONE Langham 3240.

Lt.Col.Kynaston D.P., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., L.D.S., R.C.S.

Room 2, Langham House, Regent St., London, W.1

WHY REST YOUR LEG?

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable, even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs, and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins, disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS.
VARICOSE ECZEMA.
SORE LEGS.
SWOLLEN LEGS.
PAINFUL JOINTS.

If you suffer from any of these or any other Leg Trouble, Tremol is the right treatment.

Think what Tremol means to you — No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well.

Let every Sufferer remember this—

TREMOL TREATMENT CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME, WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.

NO RESTING IS NECESSARY. YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH. RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING.

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, is sent, free of all charge, and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS. — Tremol relieves you of all leg worry in your own home **WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE.** This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the **NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** describing your case, and the book **WILL BE SENT FREE.**

In addition to this free offer to all who write, the National Infirmary will give free consultation to sufferers who call.

Post this Coupon to-day or call for a free consultation.

FREE COUPON (Ward B.L.)
NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss or Rev.)

Address .....

.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 27s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Pants, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide. Post free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

RETAILERS, Marketmen and Beginners, don't delay writing for our free Illustrated Catalogue containing bargains in all classes of Drapery Goods.—S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send for free cat.—H. Marks, 66, Houndsditch, E.1.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a Bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

COUNTRY Canvassing. Permanency at £5-£14 week on results with bonus.—Write Stanley's, 56, Warton Road, Stratford, London, E.15.

EARN £3 to £5 weekly. Run Bed-clothing Clubs amongst friends. NO OUTLAY. Parties. free.—Grove Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS (spare-time) to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Jewellery. Liberal Com. Well supplied with samples.—Write, Dept. 13, York, Ltd., 53a, Bayham St., London, N.W.1.

EMPLOYMENT.

ARE YOU TIRED OF ROUTINE WORK AT A SMALL WAGE?—The sure way out of the rut is to become a travelling Salesman. Train in your spare time by postal tuition, under Wallace Attwood Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship. Thousands of men, without previous experience "on the road," have been lifted out of routine jobs and placed by Wallace Attwood with progressive firms. Many of them are now earning their £500, £600, £800 and £1,000 a year. Wallace Attwood undertakes to introduce and recommend every trained student to firms of repute for a good post as Salesman. Are you worth lifting out of the rut? If so, send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home: guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19a, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (introductions guaranteed). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now! — British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years). Head Offices, 5, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

PART-TIME AGENCY — Splendid opportunity offered persons in regular employment to sell Clothing, Boots, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Liberal com.—J. Holt (Dept. J.), 1, Paradise Lane, Blackburn.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, testis. free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd., (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

EXCELLENT opportunity for trustworthy men as spare time representatives for well-known wireless manufacturers. Good commission paid. Applicants must have knowledge of wireless installation, and be able to furnish good references. Write Box 100, J. M. Walker & Co., Aldwych House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

A GOOD INCOME from small capital investment assured. New breeding industry on the South Coast; great money-making possibilities. For full particulars apply, Peacehaven Estates, Ltd., Peacehaven, Sussex.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

ANYONE can start a small business of his own by purchasing the book, "Gateway to Business," 23 different businesses explained. Write for free particulars.—British Printing Trust, D., Ltd., 83, Upper Thames Street, London.

BARGAIN SALES.

PRIVATE BARGAINS IN THOUSANDS!—Few things are so fascinating as looking through the tremendous collection of private offers in "The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart," 3d. all newsagents, every Thursday and Saturday. Bargains in everything offered for sale or exchange. Send a postcard now for free specimen copy.—J. M. Bull, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.— West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA FROM WORKS.—Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Liverpool Pottery, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS. — Eclipse 1927 designs Book 160 patts. from 2½d. per roll, free on application. Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Rd., Leeds

BEDSTEADS, etc.—FURNITURE direct from Factory to Home.—Cash or Instalments. Send P.C. for lists. You will SAVE MONEY. Established 35 years. — Chas. Riley (Desk 4), Sherlock Street East, Birmingham.

WALLPAPERS from mills, from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

ARMY Clothing, Oddments for Mechanics, Boots 5/-, Shirts 2/3, Trousers 4/11, Breeches 5/6, etc. Cat. 200 Bgns.—Nuttall, 1, Goodmayes, London.

WRITE for booklet "B.29" showing models of "Mattamac" Stormproofs. See page 24.

IN the George King advt. on page 33 an offer is made to send free coloured catalogue and patterns of their suitings.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middleman's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended. 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. pd. Special quotations for larger quantities. Tea Dust, 7 lb. 7/-.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

NEURITIS

COALPIT HEATH, Nr. BRISTOL.

I have for years suffered with Rheumatism and also Neuritis; could not move about nor raise my hand to my head. I have had to keep to my bed for months at a time. A friend living at Coalpit Heath persuaded me to try Hervea. He gave me a small quantity to try, which I followed up by taking three more packets. I am now very much relieved, if not cured, and am able to go about my duties. I strongly recommend all sufferers from Rheumatism or Neuritis to give Hervea a trial, feeling sure it would be to their benefit.—Yours truly,

E. F. (Mrs.).

Something New for this Distressing Malady.

Read this and act on what you are here told: it may be the best day's work in your life. Are you a sufferer from Neuritis, Arthritis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc.? You may have suffered so for some years and also spent money and tried many remedies with little or no success. Will you try at no cost a home remedy which is neither a drug nor a medicine, but a simple tropical herb which you prepare just like ordinary "tea," and drink once or twice a day? The remedy is agreeable and effective and you

"Feel the Benefit Almost at Once"

—not what I say, but what people tell me daily in their letters. For example, a well-known Scottish peeress, Lady E——, recently wrote me:—"*People have been so struck with the marked change in me (this lady had been crippled for several years through Rheumatism) that I have had to give away three of the packets, and I am now sending for six more.*"

I have received similar letters from Public Officials, Naval and Military Officers, Clergymen, Professional Men and persons in all ranks of life. You need Risk No Money to prove for yourself the Genuineness of this remedy, and I particularly ask you to write to me, if you have failed so far to get relief. Simply write and send me a stamp for reply, and I will send you a trial quantity of Hervea free of charge. If you feel you are getting benefit you can have a further quantity at a small charge. The Secret of the virtue of this plant is that it Expels Uric Acid from the System, and also Prevents Further Acid Deposits Accumulating. Other chemical and drug remedies relieve for the time being, but they fail in this all-important result. Write to-day—the cost is nothing, and you may never regret doing so; in fact, it may prove "a long good-bye to Neuritis."

FREE PACKET

Address: Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer, (Dept. 499), 37, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

P.S. *I am an ordinary "business man," not a vendor of patent medicines, and I know from my own personal experience that the product now offered is MOST EFFECTIVE FOR NEURITIS. As the selling of this product is distinct from my regular business, please mark your envelope "HERVEA."*

SPRING CLEANING without worry. Polish your piano, furniture, paint, enamel with Leolin, the wonder polish reviver, gives new life to your home; post free, 1/3. Satisfaction guaranteed.—B. Leolin Polish Co., 16, Hall St., Halifax.

GENUINE Gillette Safety Razor, complete with 10 finest quality blades, 4/3, post free.—Messrs. Anderson, 31, Dove Street, Bristol.

ARTOLEUM FLOORCOVERING. Rotproof and damp-proof. Cheaper than Lino. Get the free patterns offered in the advertisement of Messrs. Lloyds on page 4.

OVERALLS, 2/11; Boiler Suits, 7/6. Patterns free. Direct from manufacturers.—Caldene Clothing Co (Dept. J.B.), Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

STAINLESS CUTLERY. We save you 50 per cent. and supply a single piece or a full canteen. Send p.c. for our illus. price list and compare quality and price before you buy elsewhere.—C. A. Lockwood & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

BABY CARS. Any model sent for a small deposit and balance easy monthly instalments. Write for free art list.—E. J. Heraud (Dept. G.C.), Number One, Edmonton, London, N.18.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Cycles. Lists free.—Palmer's, 135, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'

DRESS.

BABY'S Longclothes, 75 articles, 30/-. Home-made. All new. Bargain. Send 2/6 pcl. approx.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

DOGS.

BUY A PAL.—But before doing so be sure to see "THE DOG WORLD." Hundreds of splendid dogs advertised for sale by reliable breeders. "THE DOG WORLD." 2d. weekly all newsagents. Specimen copy free from J. B Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Police Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

LEARN MASSAGE and modern manipulative healing—a paying profession. Hundreds of testimonials from successful pupils. Write for details. 47, Swan Institute, Clarendon Rd., Portsmouth.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/9 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T Wear a Truss. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery, wonderful, no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (398a), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the skin to purity and comfort. 3/- at Boot's, Taylors' and all Chemists.

£100 CHALLENGE. VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS and all skin complaints permanently cured as if by magic. Sent under written guarantee of NO CURE—NO PAY. Sworn testimonials and trial sent post free.—Le Brasseur Surgical Manufg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Parties. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1

NEW Life to weary, worn-out Nerves. Probyn Nutrient restores health, strength and lost vitality. Send to-day for free trial supply.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Rd., London, S.W.18.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, KIDNEY troubles, etc., quickly cured by PARKER'S REMEDY. Children or adults. HUNDREDS OF GRATEFUL LETTERS. 3/- bot. at Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's, etc., or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 18, James St., Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. Saves operations. Recommended by Medical profession. No ointment. No medicine. Cure yourself at home. 5/- post free, or stamps for free booklet.—Hemosol, Chemists (Dept. J.2), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B. 28), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

RHEUMATISM. Successful research results. Convincing evidence. All interested invited to apply Laboratory (I), 17, Store St., W.C.1.

SENSATIONAL HAIRGROWING Discovery. A free booklet is offered in the Humagsolan advt. appearing on page 27.

A FREE sample of Nostroline can be obtained from 15, Nostroline Labs., Clifton, Bristol.

BALDNESS CURED. "ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by *John Bull*. 5/- bott.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn, E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call.—Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

DANGERS OF THE MIDNIGHT JOY RIDE —a summertime menace to girls. T. B. Partington frankly warns young people in this week's "HEALTH AND STRENGTH." 3d. all newsagents

SONGS, LYRICS WANTED.—Famous Composer prepared to accept limited number for Music Settings. Send MSS. to Box 113, "Composer," c/o Ray's Advt. Agency, Cecil Ct., W.C.2

CHARMING Photographic Life Studies. Barnard's original exhibition outdoor figure subjects. Set of 12, 4 in. x 3 in., 5/-, post free.—Barnard, M.R.P.S., The Studio, 25a, Globe Place, Chelsea, S.W.3.

SPEAKING Voice Trained. Self-expression, conversation, effective public speaking, crowd psychology, confidence. Unique postal course. Prospectus free.—R. E. Besant, 115, Tower St., W.C.1.

Brilliant fellow!
Might have guessed you smoke
CRAVEN "A"
CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
IN PACKETS 20 for 1/-. MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS by CARRERAS LTD.

Week ending Saturday, June 4, 1927. Twopence. Vol. XLI. No. 1094.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

93, Long Acre London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

NEXT WEEK!

NEXT week we celebrate our Twenty-first Birthday with an enlarged and remarkable issue! There will be an unprecedented demand, so make sure of your copy by placing your order in advance with your newsagent.

Muddled Heads—

No self-respecting Government could do other than break off relations with Russia in view of the Arcos revelations. And once again the Labour Party has blundered badly in its attitude towards a national crisis.

—And Hot Pates!

Why the Labour Party should on all occasions constitute itself the spokesman and defender of Moscow is passing strange. No wonder the country is increasingly suspicious of "Labour" politics.

A Vicious Circle.

One moral of the Arcos raid is that so long as competition in armaments persists, there'll be spies who seek information by underhand channels. Progress towards a saner world order is the remedy.

The Cry of a Million.

Just under the million one week, the number of unemployed is just over the million the next. Parliament may take it that that is the standing problem—work and wages for another million.

Faith and Works.

It is Viscount Cecil's "deliberate and profound conviction" that the limitation of armaments can be achieved. If the peoples of the world want never again to be mobilised for war, they must mobilise themselves for peace.

All Alive-O!

The Liberal Federation intends to make a big attempt to capture the London County Council at the next election. Ideally, Party politics have no place in municipal affairs, but anything is better than blank indifference as to how the ratepayers' money is spent.

The New Spirit.

Strong representations are being made from Geneva to all nations to check competition in tariffs, and secure a lowering of trade barriers. If the opportunity is seized it will change the whole commercial outlook of the world for the better.

Marching Together.

Approaching the problem with opposite views on economic principles, the Geneva Conference found so large a measure of agreement in practice that the report is practically unanimous. It is the most hopeful sign of the moment.

Business Acumen.

The National Food Canning Council, representative of tin-mine interests in this country, is a body to be encouraged. The canning of home-grown food should be one of our staple industries.

The Good News.

The highest total since December, 1924, of new shipping, 600,000 tons, has been laid down, and gross tonnage of new shipping under construction is over 1,200,000.

The Snag.

The wage question in the shipping yards looks like being settled amicably between employed and employers. But why don't both sides combine and try to lower the cost of living?

Men who Know.

Sunderland headmasters consider that raising the school age to fifteen or sixteen would be the best thing that could happen for boys. So do we. Since they must be kept, why not at school?

Where Danger Lurks.

Scientists find that even in heavily salted butter tubercle bacilli are capable of producing infection for ninety-nine days. From first to last there's no safety in dairy produce except through irreproachably healthy stock and constant inspection.

All Risky.

Many food-stuffs can be cleansed before using by the consumer. Milk, butter, cheese are the notable and dangerous exceptions. Once the dirt is in it stays there. That's why even finicky cleanliness in dairies is imperative.

Grousers.

Farmers, trying to fathom agricultural depression, blame "labour costs," non-preferential treatment by the Government, and exclusion from the Safeguarding of Industries Act. All of which begs the question.

Blunt Truth.

The land system—antiquated, illogical and restrictive—lies like a canker at the heart of agricultural enterprise. Until the whole question is tackled and matters righted, food growing in this country is doomed to be a dwindling industry.

The Warning.

Failure of the Australian crop, we are told, will send up the price of apples by 30 to 40 per cent. Present prices make apples an occasional luxury, so now they'll soar out of sight of poor folk.

Last £500 First!

This week comes the last of "Bullets" Double-Firsts. Turn to page 35 and turn a phrase to £500!

Fish.

Wholesale fish prices last year in Hull were 53 per cent. above pre-war, but the retail price in London was 130 per cent. increase. The profiteers must be dug out.

Money Berries.

Strawberries in some shops have been priced at one penny each. If you want to get rich quick, don't grow fruit. Sell it.

Nature's Way.

Of 167,126 babies born in the first three months of this year, 85,203 were boys, and 81,923 girls—that is, 1,040 boys to every 1,000 girls. It's only the folly of war that leads to disproportion.

Training 'Em.

"Boys should begin early with the gun," says the *Shooting Times*. "Let us not deprive them of golden memories of boyhood when the blood runs hot." What rubbish!

The Better View.

"All cruelty is abhorrent," says Principal Garvie, "but to encourage children to indulge in cruelty seems to me to be devilish." And that, in our opinion, puts the whole matter crystal clear.

The New Way.

Employees own a substantial proportion of the stock in some of the largest American business undertakings. To work for your own interest in your own firm is to take the sting out of so-called "wage slavery."

Going Ahead.

A splendidly equipped new factory for the production of domestic refrigerators is opened at Luton. Cheap electricity is the secret of the town's prosperity.

Clear the Air.

That smoke sends a death-dealing trail over cities is proved by statistics. In "inner" Manchester the mortality from measles is 57 per cent. higher than in "outer" Manchester. When sunshine is denied the children die.

Dry Rot.

Bootle guardians have distributed out-relief on loan equivalent to £2 per head of the population, some people having had between £300 and £400. Reviewing the cases is hopeless unless work for the workless is available.

Losing the Life-blood.

Emigration overseas from Scotland has risen from 16,762 in 1919 to 48,640 in 1926. Why? Let a Scotsman supply the answer. "We are denied the right to cultivate our own land, because others want it for sport."

Poor Lads!

In the present state of road traffic the non-provision of playing-fields everywhere for children is a scandal. That's why we like the action of the detective who was compelled by his duty to hale two boys before the Bench for playing football in the street at Bexley Heath. When the inevitable fine was imposed he paid it.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Woman's Pluck.

From a window at Poplars Farm, Bedworth, Mrs. Scrimshaw saw that in the slime of a reservoir close by a young boy was faced with death. Instantly she ran and plunged to his rescue, and her reward was that the lad's life was saved. The courage of such a women is an asset of which Bedworth is proud.

Cowardly Churchmen.

The new rector of St. Mary's, Bathwick, was greeted by a stream of anonymous letters when he took over the parish. He promptly threatened to exhibit the letters in the church. We hope that this warning will show the senders that in the Rev. George Ruck they have a fighter to deal with, and we urge them to read the Bible, and to put into practice what they read.

Young Elders and Young Wives.

Elders Wright and Parrish, two young Mormon missionaries, of Brentwood, explain that they have to visit villages when wives are at home and husbands are at work because when husbands are at home the Mormons have to study. As the two elders find it impossible to change their hours of study, women they visit should change their "at home" hours.

In Honour Bound.

Faced with serious losses through pilfering and damage to goods in transit, the president of the L.M.S. Railway announced that instead of employing extra police, employees would be put on their honour. With the directors we hope that this confidence will be justified. Trustworthiness, the first of all virtues in a servant, is also the likeliest to be recognised and rewarded.

Gratitude.

The Oxford Board of Guardians is the richer by £100 received from the wife of a man by his express wish just before he died. It appears that thirty-seven years ago his mother was admitted to the board's hospital and very kindly treated. Not everyone, however, expresses gratitude to a public body or realises that even officials like to have their services remembered.

Whose Profit?

By the time Messrs. Frank Boswell and Son, of Pershore, had sent twenty-five bags, each costing about £2 to produce, of moderately priced cabbages to a Covent Garden salesman, and paid for the carriage, toll and pitching and commission, they received a debit account of 2s. 6d. We should like to know who gets a big profit out of this transaction?

Not Dazzled.

Tucked away in Wales for the most part of her time is Miss Jenny Thomas, the 1922 winner of £62,000 in the Calcutta Derby sweepstake. She intended to make a world tour, but the care of an aunt of eighty claimed her. Of the value of duty done over money Miss Thomas is evidently aware, and we are sure she will never regret the fact that she was not blinded by sudden riches into thinking them the more important.

Woman Responsible.

It is time that the law made a woman responsible for her own debts. Few enlightened women will regret that the claim of Madame Louisette, Ltd., of Deansgate, Manchester, against Mr. Richard Edgar Sugden for £114 for his wife's clothes has failed. A woman is now a citizen in her own right. If she runs into debt, and is personally extravagant, she and she alone ought to be held liable.

Partners in Crime.

To get his sweetheart out of prison, where she had been sent as she could not pay her fine for stealing a wallet, George Sandle, a waiter, also stole money and was sentenced at Marylebone Police Court to six months' imprisonment. Sandle is only nineteen, yet he has had two previous convictions. When he is free, cannot the young couple decide to be partners, not in crime, but in a straight life?

Girl Guide's Honour.

Only just thirteen, Isabella D. Rae, a girl guide of Aberdeen, is the proud possessor of the organisation's silver cross, the highest honour it can bestow. At the price of being knocked down and injured in both legs, she saved the life of a two-year-old girl by pushing her out of the way of a passing car. Isabella has proved her worth to society at large.

Fitting Memorial.

The National Deposit Friendly Society has found a fitting war memorial in the building of a £100,000 convalescent home at Skegness. Having lovely sea views and a terrace, the day rooms are able to be converted to open-air rooms at a minute's notice. There is accommodation for 150, including matron and nurses. Could a better tribute be paid to the fallen?

Timely Intervention.

When a lad of sixteen was committed for one month, at Birkenhead, for stealing an iron pipe, value 5s., the court gasped. The sentence was beyond anything the Chief Constable desired, and before the magistrates left the bench he told them it was excessive. The sentence was revised, a fine of 10s. being imposed. But for the action of the Chief Constable the lad might have been sent to the devil through prison doors.

Hysterical "Converts."

At a recent revival campaign held by Pastor Jeffreys in Glasgow it is claimed that 1,000 converts were made. When 200 of these were baptised in the public baths (most of them, by-the-bye, were women), several became hysterical. We have no quarrel with religion, or with those who seek to proselytise in a reasonable manner, but we must confess that we mistrust methods which tend to unbalance the mind.

The Human Machine

Joy of Life

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I WONDER what your idea of the joy of life is? Enjoying yourself? Feeling fit and well? Cramming every minute of every day with excitement and pleasure?

All of them may be admirable things, but when I think of the "joy of life" I think of what a man said to me the other day:

"Life is full of difficulties; but it is not the difficulties that matter. What matters is the way of overcoming the difficulties.

"What are difficulties to the man or woman full of the joy of life? Simply avenues to fresh adventures!"

Every fresh difficulty is a new gateway to the unexplored—if you will only look at it in the right way.

To tackle difficulties with zest and vigour is to go voyaging once more with Drake and Columbus and every intrepid spirit that ever ventured out into the unknown with a brave heart and eager mind.

By the time your particular problem is solved you never know what else you may have stumbled across in your search.

The bigger the difficulty the greater the chance and lure of adventure. Only the man with a jellied spine would wilt at the sight of the first hurdle and say, "It can't be done!"

Of course it can be done—if you have the real joy of life.

IT is sometimes said of people that "they cannot see the wood for the trees."

When you are really "up against it" come out from the trees and get far enough away to take a good look at the wood!

That's a very good way of solving difficulties. You think it over!

Rural Essex.

At High Laver, in a cottage occupied by a man and six children, the premises have been declared unfit for human habitation. The roof leaks, and unless the fireplace in the living-room is surrounded with old tins the fire falls through into another room. Hardship comes when tenants of such premises are given orders to quit. There is, in Essex, absolutely nowhere else to go.

One Life for Two.

"Have I saved the two?" were the first words of Herbert Collins on regaining consciousness after breaking his way to a hole in an ice-bound pond at Wanstead, through which a small boy and girl had fallen. From pneumonia which set in after that brave deed now over a year ago, Collins has just died. It must comfort his widow to know that there is no more honourable death than that by which two young lives are purchased.

Well After his Fee.

After a motor accident, in the Salford coroner's area, Joseph Little, sixty-eight, who had sustained a fractured skull, was taken to the surgery of a doctor for treatment. What happened there P.C. Whitton revealed at the inquest. "The doctor," he said, "asked about his fee of 7s. 6d., took a purse from the man's pocket, abstracted his fee, and then replaced it with his receipt." Why was the name of the doctor suppressed?

Poison for Asking.

The ease with which poisons may be obtained, and the carelessness with which they are often left about, were both illustrated in the sad death of Sarah Jane Davies, a twenty-year-old housemaid, employed at Pines Farm, Bracknell Green. She merely went into the kitchen and raised the bottle to her lips, and though a fellow-servant rushed forward to snatch it from her, she drank the contents and died. How she got the poison should be the subject of a very strict enquiry.

The Pity of It.

"She has paid the supreme sacrifice. She was about to become a mother, and she was afraid," was the sad explanation of her father at the inquest on Beatrice Maud Rudge, a young married woman, found dead by poisoning. And who knows what "old wives' tales" had induced that dread? There is something sadly wrong with an age that teaches young wives to dread, and saps the joy from youthful married life and parenthood.

Lazy Firemen.

When a fire broke out at King's Mills, neither the Loughborough nor the Derby fire brigades would turn out as it was out of their area. Fortunately, the owner, Major Gretton, is a director of Bass and Co.'s brewery, and summoned its private brigade, which, after a dash of twenty miles across country, was able to save four cottages, though the Old Mill House was burned. All the same, it is pretty disgraceful that firemen should be allowed to fiddle while Rome burns.

School for Fathers.

Within the last twenty-five years there has been an astonishing decrease in infant mortality due to infant welfare centres, says Viscountess Erleigh. She adds that in one or two centres, classes have been started for fathers. We think that men who are generally interested in theory should not be behindhand in the science of baby welfare and that many a father might find his home life happier if he took this opportunity of studying it.

C3 Children.

Roughly a quarter of the children entering school for the first time are suffering from disease or defects, states the medical officer in his report on Cardiff schools. But what a comment on our modern social methods! Though by open-air schools, treatment of tonsils and adenoids and other remedial measures there is hope that this percentage may be decreased in time, it is to better housing, healthier and better-informed parents that we really look for the prevention of ills rather than their cure.

Useless Gun.

By a casting vote of the chairman, the governors of Wrexham County School have decided to remove the war souvenir gun from the school-ground. We entirely agree with Mr. Williams, who proposed the motion, pointing out that the weapon was neither ornamental nor useful, and that a more fitting way of honouring those who sacrificed their lives in the war should be found.

Well-earned Holiday.

In a hard-luck home, down one of Bradford's mean streets, seven bairns were born to a poor woman, and the sacrifice, extending over years, she was content to make for them exalted mother-love as one of the world's finest things. In fifteen years all the holiday she had was one of four hours by the sea. Then her health failed, and the Bradford Maternity Care Committee has sent her away for another. It is God's work it does when it helps such mothers.

Gossip to Blame.

Poison tongues have been again at work, causing the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Payne, wife of a Rochester furniture-remover, who ended her worry by putting her head in the gas-oven. Mrs. Payne, already depressed by the death of her son, had a "friend" who arranged a meeting in order to poison her mind with tittle-tattle, absolutely untrue, about her husband. The latter, at the inquest, wished to name this woman, and it is a pity the coroner could not allow him to do so.

Conspicuous Heroism.

Picture the strain of standing for eight hours holding back a heavy weight of earth with your body, knowing that a moment's relaxation would mean the death of a comrade. For such an ordeal undergone when a trench caved in during excavations at Higher Broughton, Ernest T. Johnson, of Ardwick, is still paying the price in the nervous shock that prevents him from working regularly. Humane societies have done what they could and a certificate and cheque for £20 awarded him by the Carnegie Hero Trust Fund will, we hope, hasten the recovery of this brave man.

Better Feelings Prevail.

In spite of heated discussion at the Cardiff Board of Guardians, it was decided to embark on the expenditure of £20,700 for providing extra hospital accommodation at Ely Lodge. The objection, which cannot be dismissed as negligible, was that rates already stand at 7s. 10d. in the pound. Between this devil of finance and the deep sea of overcrowding, which is so serious that hospital inmates are sleeping on the floors in adjacent shops and offices, there can really be no choice, and we can only be glad that the humane decision was reached.

"Specials" Indignant.

"Specials" have been called out to help the Surrey police in controlling the congested motor traffic homeward bound from the coast on Sunday evenings. But the "Specials" are mostly Leatherhead and Dorking tradesmen, whose Sunday is their only day of rest. The situation is worse than Gilbertian. It is objectionable that unpaid labour should do some workless men out of jobs. Surrey is underpoliced. And the reason for the economy is the diversion of the Road Fund. We sympathise with the protest, which Captain G. C. W. Gregory, as leader of the Leatherhead Special Constabulary, feels compelled to make.

Angel of Southwark.

For over sixty years Miss Charlotte Sharman has cared for a number of orphan girls. Now there are as many as 200 of them living in a house which, though it cost £25,000, has not been the outcome of any advertisement for subscriptions. "No begging, no debt" is the rule of this rare old lady, who, at ninety-five, still takes the keenest interest in members of her "family" and in launching them into the world, where they generally become domestic servants, several having kept their places for thirty years. The world could do with more characters such as Miss Sharman, of whom it is said, "She's an angel if ever woman was."

Blotted Out.

The Heaton Advertising Agency opened a business at South Street, Manchester, and made a speciality of advertising blotters and cricket fixtures. A Whitefield tradesman who paid 25s. for a supply of these never received delivery. In reply to a letter of complaint he was promised delivery "early next week." Further letters since have been returned marked "Gone away."

Stock Exchange Sweep Hawkers.

Messrs. Rowland & Co., described as stock and share dealers, of whom the partners are G. Rowland and C. Davies, have been sending out circulars offering to procure tickets for the Stock Exchange Derby sweep on the understanding that any winning client should pay them 10 per cent. of the prize-money received. A number of people who sent remittances are still without tickets. Some explanation seems due.

Pepper's Hot Propositions.

Last week we exposed the activities of H. H. Howard, alias Fred Pepper, who secured sums of £50 from various people as an "investment" in his supposed flourishing business of H. H. Howard and Co., of Bishopsgate and Red Lion Square, London. Hardly had we gone to press than we received many more complaints, including one from another investor who was unable to secure the return of £50. It is time the police put salt on Pepper's "tale."

Done Brown by Gray.

John D. Gray, Ltd., of Queen Victoria Street, London, are just now operating the old "option" stunt. People who deal with them are having difficulty in obtaining settlement of their accounts. A deposit is asked for before operations commence and one Scottish reader who sent £10 was successful in increasing it to £17 10s. But not even the £10 has been forthcoming. One of the partners in this concern is F. Speagell, who we have repeatedly exposed as a bucket-shop operator.

"Bagging" the Laundry.

A man in Chelsea has devised a scheme of his own for "bagging" the washing. Dressed in a uniform similar to that worn by the vanmen of a local laundry, he has been calling at houses in the neighbourhood and has collected consignments of more or less valuable articles. In one instance the "bag" is stated to be worth about £60. Ladies nowadays wear very abbreviated clothes, but if they are not careful the supply of clothes remaining to ladies in Chelsea will be even more abbreviated.

Railway Advertising Fraud.

The collecting of payments for advertisements to appear on railway stations by an unauthorised person, to which we drew attention last week, is still continuing. A motor-agent is the latest victim. He paid 6s. 3d. as half a quarter's rent for two sites to a man calling himself J. Saville. He has evidently dropped the title of Paxton's Publicity and the Southampton House part of his address, but still purports to have a publicity office in High Holborn. Seekers after publicity who deal with Saville may be disappointed.

Rogue Stopped by "John Bull."

Recently JOHN BULL published an exposure of James O'Connor, who by posing as an Irish doctor victimised nurses, doctors and others associated with hospitals all over the country. A Tottenham nurse who had read the JOHN BULL article was told the same old tale, and as a result this plausible scamp is now undergoing a term of three years' penal servitude. At his trial it transpired that he had lived for years on money obtained from hospital nurses. Many people would save themselves financial losses by taking warning from the exposures in our columns.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE

116 MORE CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS

See page 2.

Problems of Life

Serious Play-acting

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

W. B. MAXWELL, in his book on "Life," recommends make-believe as a means to the development of character.

He writes: "Suppose I am a feeble, vacillating, procrastinating, fussy sort of creature, but I want to turn over a new leaf. My best chance is to imagine a calm, strong, decisive, punctual person of just my height and build, and then simply to pretend to be that person. I must *act* the ideal personage exactly as if it was a part dealt out to me in the theatre of life.

W. B. Maxwell

"Just acting the part, I spring out of bed of a morning; with firm, unhurried strides I go to the railway station and catch the train in nice time.

"In the train I sit calmly reading the newspaper, seizing on important facts, disregarding fiddle-faddle; and all day long at the office I act calmness, strength, and luminous common-sense.

"And the plain truth is that *if I can only go on acting long enough I become the estimable character himself.* I realise my ideal." The italics are his, not mine.

THE weakness of Mr. Maxwell's method is that one might soon become tired of the game and then it ceases to charm.

Besides, I am not sure that it would be much of a game; it would be too easily seen through.

There is one school of psychologists which believes greatly in this game business as accounting for most of the fine things that men and women do.

They tell us that we are like children engaging in the fascinating pastime of "let's pretend."

We make dream-pictures of ourselves and of the life we want to lead which may have no correspondence with reality.

A poor little nobody, like Mr. H. G. Wells' "Christina Alberta's Father," solaces himself for his insignificance by the illusion that he really is a wonderful personage if the world only knew it.

And—so they also say—every man who idealises life in any degree, and becomes a braver and better man in consequence, is only, after all, behaving like a child who builds a fairy palace in a backyard.

PIONEER, hero, and saint are all lured into great things by their dreams.

Few who read such stuff will believe it.

An illusion becomes powerless the moment it is seen to be an illusion.

Persuade a man that truth, honour, courage, loyalty are mere words with no more intrinsic significance than the bleating of a sheep, and you have destroyed him.

But that you cannot do. We know that these belong to the fundamental realities of life.

A SWINDLING GANG EXPOSED

WOMAN ROBBED OF THOUSANDS

The Glib Mr. Gibson

SPAIN, the country of mythical castles and romantic prisoners, seems to have some subtle fascination for the weaver of fairy stories.

The Spanish prisoner stunt was successfully played by the unscrupulous for years, and it has now given way to the Spanish oil-fields.

These have provided a golden opportunity for "striking oil," not to those unfortunate enough to invest their savings in them, but to the people who have made them the basis of company promoting of the most undesirable kind.

A lady in Yorkshire is probably the greatest victim and has parted with a sum of over £2,000, which we are greatly afraid she can only regard as irrevocably lost.

A silver tongue

A few months ago a plausible individual of the name of W. B. Gibson, whose address was the very non-committal one of a large West End hotel, drove up to her residence in a large motor-car, accompanied by a stylishly dressed lady whom he introduced as his wife.

Gibson possessed an agreeable manner and an exceedingly glib tongue, which he used to considerable effect in eulogising the immense profits likely to accrue from investments in the National Wireless Corporation.

His silver-tongued eloquence was so successful that he persuaded the lady to hand over to him shares valued at about £250 to invest in this wireless wonder.

She had no doubts as to the *bona fides* of Mr. Gibson, in whom she placed implicit trust "on account of his honest countenance and manner."

Appearances are often deceptive, and so it proved in this case, for the shares she obtained through Mr. Gibson were worthless, while those she had parted with were in thoroughly sound concerns and were returning quite a good rate of interest.

Cold-blooded robbery

Mr. Gibson had quite a lot to say about the National Wireless Corporation, but he quite omitted to mention that one of the men behind the company was one William Wrentmore, who has had quite a long experience in connection with bankrupt companies, and whose activities in this respect have on more than one occasion been referred to in this journal.

The whole of that money has been lost and the highly boomed Wireless Corporation is at the present moment in liquidation.

This loss was a serious enough blow, but much worse was to follow. Knowing that the lady had still money left, Gibson and his associates proceeded in a cold-blooded manner to concoct means to rob her of her entire life's savings.

Gibson again called on the lady, accompanied by a man named Andrews, introduced as the accountant of the Spanish Oilfields Holding Syndicate. Andrews explained that this syndicate was a monument of stability compared with which Government securities were the veriest gamble.

This unfortunate woman, who seems to have been as wax in the

Marquis de Merry del Val, G.C.V.O., the Spanish Ambassador, who, for his country's good name, should help to stop such cruel impositions

hands of these sharks, actually handed over not £250 this time but no less than £2,500 in War Loan and other Government stock for investment in this syndicate.

Hidden tracks

The Spanish Oilfields Holding Syndicate was under the control of a Mr. H. E. Boriadaile and boasted headquarters with the imposing address of Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London. It lost not an unnecessary moment in converting the securities into cash and sent the lady a certificate stating that she held £2,500 in the syndicate.

On the back of this utterly worthless piece of paper, which is not sealed as the share certificates of an ordinary company have to be by law, are the "conditions," which are very illuminating.

From the first of these it appears that the aim is the exploitation of lands it is *proposed* to acquire.

Another clause expresses the "optimism" of the promoters, but states that no guarantee or warranty is given.

The fourth clause is the real gem, as it provides that the *domicile* of the concern shall be wherever the managers wish—which gives little hope of any shareholder being able to trace them.

The lady was not to be disillusioned too quickly, or perhaps it was necessary to keep her quiet while other victims were sought. After a few weeks she received £60 in Treasury notes by registered letter as a "bonus."

This was followed by another visit from Mr. Gibson, who stated that he was going to Spain for a few months. Since then she has seen and heard nothing of Mr. Gibson.

As the months passed she became rather anxious as to the progress of the Spanish oil concern and wrote to Gibson at the hotel, but her letter came back marked, "Gone away."

She then endeavoured to communicate with Boriadaile at the Albemarle Street address, but that letter shared the fate of the other, as Boriadaile had left.

Stupendous profits

She next wrote to the hotel proprietors and the landlords of the Albemarle Street office, but neither could give any information as to the whereabouts of either Gibson or Boriadaile. Her little fortune has gone and so have the men who secured it.

In addition to the Albemarle Street offices, Boriadaile and his associates have also operated the Spanish Oilfields Syndicate from temporary offices in Regent Street, in Bond Street, in Newman Street, and other London addresses. It was from the Regent Street address that another dupe was victimised.

One day this man got into conversation at an hotel with a plausible fellow named Bennett who spoke of the stupendous profits to be made by investors in the Spanish Oilfields Syndicate and persuaded him to go along to the Regent Street office to see Boriadaile.

He did not then know what he found out later, that Bennett had only just come out of jail for his connection with the notorious Enever who floated a number of bogus companies from swagger premises in Knightsbridge for the ostensible purpose of exercising valuable options in China and other Eastern countries.

Birds of a feather

At this interview Boriadaile made use of a famous name and succeeded in getting £350 from his victim, in return for which he received a similar certificate to that sent to the Yorkshire lady. Like her he is now anxious to trace Boriadaile.

Walter Kirby, who was sentenced to nine months last December in connection with obtaining money in regard to a fictitious oil company in Canada, at one time shared Boriadaile's Albemarle Street office.

Boriadaile and Gibson are unfortunate in their choice of associates. Since they have disappeared many enquiries have been made to the landlord of the Albemarle Street premises and at least one victim has enlisted the assistance of Scotland Yard, without result.

It is clearly the business of the Public Prosecutor to give his attention to the Spanish syndicate. We have a lot of evidence in regard to the matter which is at his disposal.

A Callous Murder

"Nobody's Business" Tragedy

A WIDOW who lives on the outskirts of London is sobbing for her murdered husband. She is so poor she does not care what happens to her.

And this is why.

One evening in May, seven years ago, Horace McNeil, a clever engineer's foreman, living in the neighbourhood of Shepherd's Bush, London, was knocked up by a band of Irish ruffians and, in resisting their attempts to ravage and burn his home, was fatally shot by one of the raiders.

Much has come to light since then regarding the wicked thoroughness with which these bands of mad fanatics were organised.

In the case of Mr. McNeil, he had a son-in-law, a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary. His son-in-law took no more militant part, however, than repairing mechanical transport.

Price of defence

It is probable that the murderers, who were believed to be members of the Irish Republican Army, expected to find this man at his father's house.

At any rate, he was not there, and poor McNeil, just as he had evicted the men from the house and was shutting the door on them, was shot in the abdomen.

He was no Irishman; he was a Scotsman by birth.

It is disgraceful to think he was killed out of pique. No other reason can be advanced except, perhaps, that he dared to defend his family to some effect.

Now his widow is living in absolute penury.

She has two daughters aged eighteen and nineteen. They are both working, but for wages that barely keep them. Two sons are married, but have little to spare from their hard-earned wages.

She, like many another, has applied both to the British and Irish Governments for compensation. Neither will admit any responsibility.

True, Mrs. McNeil has received a sum of money from the King's Bounty and another sum from the Royal Irish Constabulary and has been materially helped to carry on by an Irish association.

A long wait

But seven years is a long time; and a husband is a precious thing to a woman.

She like all the dependants of those who were murdered without rhyme or reason in London during that time has fallen between two laws. Had the tragedy happened in Ireland, where compensation could be claimed in law, matters would have been different, as also would they have been had her husband been anything except a peace-loving citizen.

There are many people in such a position, and it is time the Government had a discussion with the Irish Free State Government on the matter.

TORTURING A DYING MAN

WRITS IN SNOWSTORMS

A Council's Pound of Flesh

SHOULD a city council ruthlessly utilise all the powers the law allows it against defaulters in payment of rates, whether they are dying, ill or otherwise genuinely unable to meet their liabilities?

Or should it temper the strict letter of the law with mercy in dealing with its less fortunate citizens?

To judge by a recent day's business at the Hereford City Court, the council of that city does not permit any considerations of human sympathy to interfere with the extraction of its revenues from the ratepayers.

A big bag

On the day in question, Mr. Bullar's, the rate collector's, modest application to the magistrates was for seventy-six warrants for non-payment of poor rates and costs, sixty for non-payment of city and sewer rates, five for income-tax and costs, and two for committal to prison in default of payment of poor rates and costs.

Now there can be no objection to a local authority taking the necessary legal measures to secure the rates to which it is entitled, and which it requires for the public service. But there are occasional cases of deadly hardship when the strict pressing of the legal claim becomes almost cruelty.

In one of these Hereford cases, concerning a sum of £3 15s., a woman stood in tears below the dock, and told how her husband was ill in bed and probably dying. If he recovered, she said, the rate would be paid.

The Deputy-Mayor and chairman of the Bench, Mr. E. F. Bulmer, who, at any rate, seems to have received his allowance of human kindness, asked Mr. Bullar, "Surely you don't want us to serve a warrant on a man who may be dying!"

Mr. Bullar gently but firmly told the Bench that it had no power to order an adjournment, once the rate was proved. He must have his distress warrant.

"Is it so nominated in the bond?" asked one, Shylock, when appealed to for mercy on a similar occasion!

In this case also the Bench, like the Venetian Bench in Shylock's, had to say, "The law allows it and the court awards it." Mr. Bullar got his warrant.

The only consolation the kindly magistrates could give to the weeping woman was that the execution of the warrant would not normally take place for a month.

In another summons, this time for non-payment of income-tax, the defendant protested against the same collector's having sent him a final notice for £6 the morning after he had been summoned for non-payment of poor rate.

Unavailing plea

He was married, with three children, and as he had only been working for half the year, he pleaded that he was £170 below the allowable amount of income.

It was pointed out that since no appeal had been issued, that was no defence. Again the law had to take its course and the warrant to be issued. The Bench advised the defendant to interview the inspector of taxes.

We have made further enquiries as to the first case quoted, and it is one which should move anybody with a single spark of human pity.

The woman who stood below the dock is Mrs. Reynolds, of 29, Whitecross Street, Hereford. When our representative called upon her and explained the purport of his visit, she again burst into tears.

Sick man's supreme effort

She told him that her husband, Mr. Edward Reynolds, is a carpenter and sixty-six years of age. They are an old Hereford family, and have lived in the same house for sixteen years.

They have two children, a boy of eleven and a girl of fourteen. The little boy is a chorister in Hereford Cathedral—a proof in itself of the respectability of his parents, for the cathedral authorities make very strict enquiries before admitting any boy to the choir.

Up to a few weeks ago, Mr. Reynolds had been seven weeks in bed with pleurisy. Even then, the doctor had ordered complete rest for three or four weeks more, otherwise he would not be responsible for the patient's recovery.

But with the threat of the distress warrant hanging over him, Mr. Reynolds insisted on going to work and has been working since.

This sick man of sixty-six, in his gallant effort to save his family from the consequences of the council's strictly legal but pitilessly pressed claim, is going seventeen miles a day (eight and a half each way) to his work on a bicycle.

Naturally his condition is worse than ever, and he coughs through the whole night.

Sir H. Kingsley Wood, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, which administers the Rates Act, might usefully raise this matter in Parliament

All this for what? The amount of the rates was £3 15s. and 3s. costs. Mrs. Reynolds paid £1 on account, but has not thus satisfied the law's requirements.

When the husband is not working, the total income is £1 17s. (£1 from a lodger and 17s. National Health Insurance). The rent of their house is £1 3s. 4d. What can this poor woman do?

We cannot think that Hereford would be much the poorer if it had to go without the remaining £2 18s., and if the persecution of this unfortunate family were to cease.

We have ensured that it shall cease, since we ourselves have paid the money and saved the family from the execution of the warrant.

Cannot the Ministry of Health, in its wisdom, devise some procedure whereby the full rigour of the law need not necessarily be invoked in cases of manifest hardship such as this?

THE POORHOUSE PRISONER

A STOLEN SPRINGTIME

WHAT is going to happen to Rose Tilley? For seven years now her world has been bounded by the four walls of the Guardians' Institution at Tenterden in Kent. And, for all anyone knows, or apparently cares, she may end her days in that dismal atmosphere.

When Rose Tilley was sixteen her mother was working in domestic service in Sheerness-on-Sea to keep the family. Mrs. Bone, as she is now, was a widow then.

Rose's duty was to remain at home and carry out the work which her mother's absence prevented her from doing.

Lost and found

Rose got into bad company. It is said that one of her girl friends advised her, "If my mother would not let me go away when I wanted, I should leave home."

One week-end Rose did leave home. Her mother found her and brought her back.

What was Mrs. Bone to do? For the sake of the other two little ones she must work, therefore Rose could not get the supervision she undoubtedly required.

At someone's suggestion Mrs. Bone decided that a year's stay in a home would do Rose no harm. She signed papers accordingly.

Tragic discovery

The matter was not treated with the seriousness due to signing away of a daughter for life, or even seven years. One year was mentioned.

Now that child is twenty-three years of age. The Board of Control, under whose authority she was placed, sent her to a Poor Law institution for correction, although Mrs. Bone was under the impression that her daughter had been sent to a home dedicated to the correction and uplift of erring young people.

Some time ago she made the journey to Tenterden, an expensive one for her, to visit her daughter.

From Maidstone she asked the 'bus conductor to put her down at the Girls' Home. "The Poor Law Institution?" he asked. Mrs. Bone was indignant almost. "No" she said, "the Girls' Home."

The tragedy came when she found that there was no Girls' Home; nothing but a forbidding dark house.

Endeavouring to hide her trouble, she chatted with the girl. She told her that there was some suggestion that she suffered from mental deficiency.

The girl's answer was enough; "No; I'm all right, mother, but if I stay here much longer I shall go mad."

Typical reply

Naturally, Mrs. Bone made every endeavour to secure the release of her daughter. She wrote to the authorities pointing out that the year had expired.

The reply, typical of the Board of Control, was that her daughter's case would come up for consideration in due course.

But Mrs. Bone had no idea that once the year was ended there was any question of consideration. She assured us that when Rose was sent away the medical practitioner made no mention of any mental defect.

Rose was to go to a home in which she would receive the supervision which Mrs. Bone unfortunately could not give her at the time. Now her mother can give her that supervision, but cannot get her daughter back.

Wasted years

Rose Tilley has spent the best years of her life in a Poor Law Institution. And for what? For naughtiness that, had she been in more fortunate circumstances, would have earned her the punishment of being sent to bed early.

Some time ago, there was some hope that Rose would be allowed home. The home to which she was to return was inspected. We have seen that home. It is certainly humble. It is clean, however, and thoroughly respectable.

We understand that the local vicar personally expressed his readiness to do all in his power to watch over Rose on her period of probation.

The Board of Control wasn't having any. Perhaps it will explain how this poor girl has benefited mentally and morally from seven years in a Poor Law institution.

PIGS AND PRIGS

HECTORING THE SMALL-HOLDER

An Intolerable Injustice

THAT workers by paying for it themselves should be able to claim possession of land appears to be an offence. Justice, however, demands that their efforts should not be rendered quite worthless.

WELLINGBOROUGH, a busy manufacturing town in the county of Northampton, has always been noted for pig-iron, but latterly real live pigs have become the chief topic of interest there.

Over three hundred small-holders are up in arms because their rights have been assailed unjustly.

Forty-four years ago a society was formed in Wellingborough to acquire land for the workers. A farm of nearly two hundred acres in extent was rented on the outskirts of the town and divided into holdings for raising fruit, vegetables, corn, hay, fodder, eggs, poultry and—pigs.

Landed workers and landed gentry

The Wellingborough Permanent Allotment Association, as this society is called, has prospered exceedingly. Its record is a shining example to all co-operators.

To-day the assets of the association exceed £8,000, apart from the considerable value of buildings, crops and stock owned by the members individually. Six years ago the land was purchased outright by the association.

Now this enterprising body of working men is discovering that "landed workers" may not regard themselves on quite the same footing as "landed gentry."

Some four years ago building commenced on land adjacent to the farm.

Objection was taken to the small-holders' pigs and the clerk to the Urban District Council wrote to the secretary of the association requesting alterations to the pig-sties on the association's farm. These were made.

Fifteen months later, in December, 1924, the council wrote again to say that a memorial had been received from residents, twelve in number, complaining of the pigs on the farm and requested further alterations.

Unreasonable demand

In response to this letter, more money was spent. The principal holders converted their places into model piggeries, spending among them nearly a thousand pounds.

The sanitary inspector declared himself satisfied with the improvements made.

The landed gentry, however, were not satisfied, for in August, 1925, the council wrote again to the association to say it had received a further complaint from a firm of solicitors, accompanied by a threat of legal proceedings.

The association was asked to prohibit the keeping of pigs by its members, but the hardships such a course would inflict on those members who had already spent so much money to meet the wishes of the council made such a course unreasonable, especially as the medical officer of health had declared that the sties were not injurious to health.

The dispute culminated last April in a resolution by the council to serve notices requiring the removal from the farm of the pig-sties.

Mr. F. Irons

Mr. F. Irons, the president of the association, pointed out that this resolution was ridiculous. The council admitted its absurdity and at its next meeting altered it.

As a result, each pig-keeper has been served with a notice ordering him to remove his pigs.

A memorial to the council signed by no less than 114 other residents in the neighbourhood of the allotment farm expressing the view that no nuisance exists, and strongly worded resolutions from two other local allotment associations, have been ignored.

Lord Bledisloe, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture and himself a noted pig-breeder, was appealed to for advice by the association, but the only suggestion he made was that the piggeries should be removed "as it appeared the neighbourhood was being developed as a residential district."

Intolerable injustice

Whoever told Lord Bledisloe that misinformed him as it is impossible to build any more houses in the neighbourhood unless they are built on the association's own land.

Members of the association fear that behind this attack on them lies an attempt to drive them from their land. They point out that all the trouble has started since they bought the land, and ceased to be merely tenants.

The Urban District Council has defended its action by saying that it was being pressed by the Ministry of Health, but a letter from the Ministry to the association's solicitors appears to contradict this.

The Ministry points out that if the requirements of the Urban District Council are not complied with, the matter will be brought before the Justices, and the Allotment Association will then have ample opportunity of stating its case.

Is this an assumption by the Ministry that the association will ignore the council's closing orders?

Whether or no, it will not be surprising if these hardworking small-holders take that step, in defence of their rights against a rank and intolerable injustice.

CATCHING A CAPTAIN

TRAPS IN ADVERTISEMENTS

A Ray on Rae

ADVERTISEMENTS offering employment get plenty of replies. But the whole tale is not told in them. That is reserved for an interview, which frequently has a very sad termination.

PEOPLE with a little capital to invest and a desire for lucrative employment, but without much knowledge of the more doubtful aspects of "business," should be on their guard against offers emanating from the address of a certain Mr. Wilson Rae.

A large number of advertisements designed to attract such persons have been inserted in the Press during the past months from 313A, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, which is the address of the gentleman in question.

Our warning is the result of enquiries which we have made into this interesting individual's operations.

Mr. Rae presides over a concern called the Charing Cross Business Transfer Agency, the head office of which is located in a shop at the address given.

Above it is a flat occupied by Mr. Rae and his family.

One of his numerous advertisements was headed "Agency" in capital letters, and ran "Employment; £400; good W.C. district and connection."

Entrancing tale

A gentleman living at Chadwell Heath, who was a senior chief officer in a famous shipping company, but was thinking of retiring from seafaring if the right opportunity came his way, answered it, and as a result had an interview with Mr. Rae at his office.

A story of El Dorado was unfolded to him, but having spent twenty-five years on the high seas and abroad, he was unversed in the intricacies of finance, and the proposition looked perfectly sound to him.

Mr. Rae explained that he was running a first-class business-transfer agency, and that he had on his books hundreds of good businesses for sale which, being constantly disposed of, brought in splendid profits in the way of commission, etc.

The chief officer accordingly parted with his £400, and became a partner in Mr. Rae's business.

He had not to suffer the slow process of disillusionment usual in such cases, but very quickly realised that practically no business was being done at all!

Within three days of his entering the office, he demanded his money back.

Significant dates

But he had entered into an agreement that the money was not returnable under six months—and even then only if the assets warranted it.

He told Mr. Rae that the whole thing had been misrepresented to him and threatened to institute proceedings against him.

Meanwhile, he had found that others had invested money and were also grumbling.

He succeeded in extracting a letter from Mr. Rae, dated April 8, which ran:—

"I, Wilson Rae, hereby agree to settle up and pay Captain ——— the deposit he has already paid, on or before April 25, on account of the partnership in the Charing Cross Business Transfer Agency.

"It is understood that the partnership had now been dissolved as from this date.—(Signed) WILSON RAE."

Note the significant dates.

The £400 was given on March 28, and a receipt given for it by Rae. The captain started work on April 4.

A sad case

By the 8th he had discovered his mistake and had obtained this letter promising to repay the money by the 25th, and dissolving the partnership!

Well, April 25 is now long past, but the captain is still making daily but unavailing calls upon Mr. Rae for the promised refundment of his money.

His case is the sadder, because he has thrown up his job with the shipping company just as he was in line for immediate advancement.

Yet, even since signing that most important document, Mr. Rae has been persistently advertising other choice positions.

Here are three of his announcements, which appeared only a few days ago in a widely-read London newspaper:

£200.—Business Transfer and Estate Agency; W.C. Offices.—313A, Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

£400.—Business Transfer, Estate and Employment Agency; Good Office; W.C.—313A, Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

Partner—£600—Business Transfer and Estate Agents; old-established; 3 Offices.—313A, Hoe Street, Walthamstow.

Anybody who may be attracted by these alluring invitations might do worse than ponder a little on the distressing experience of the confiding captain!

Nasty shock

But this is not all. A gentleman who is in charge of a Strand branch office of the Charing Cross Business Transfer Agency paid £150 for his job.

Since January last he has complained that there was little or nothing to do, but while he continues to draw his salary, he is content to sit and await events.

He and the others will not have to wait long, for Mr. Rae has just received a nasty shock.

Acting upon information provided by Scotland Yard, the London County Council last Friday week called Mr. Rae before it, and revoked the licence which enabled him to carry on an employment agency.

Apart from the ex-officer's case, this provides a further reason for intending investors to exercise the fullest caution.

FOXY MR. OXLEY

A PESTILENT ENGINEER

Motors and Motives

A CONSIDERABLE number of people in London, Manchester and Reading have the best of reasons for wishing to see a certain Mr. Henry Hallifield Oxley receive the rewards to which his plausibility, his plundering activities and his convenient lapses of memory so richly entitle him.

Mr. Oxley's energies have operated in various directions for some years, but his schemes have mainly been confined to the motoring and engineering lines.

Lately, he has operated through the medium of a concern called the Tractor Services (Manchester), Ltd., which was, to a very large extent, himself.

The voice of the charmer

A typical instance of the manner in which he has brought ruin to many is contained in the sad story of Mr. H. F. Hubberstey, of Wellington Street, Higher Broughton.

About a year ago Mr. Hubberstey saw an advertisement in a local paper offering employment in return for investment. Being out of work, he replied, and was invited by Mr. Oxley to meet him at the offices of the Tractor Services, Ltd.

Mr. Oxley was extremely eloquent about the success and future of the Tractor Company. He said he had just resigned a valuable position with the Ford Motor Company in order to utilise his great experience in developing the opportunities of the "non-competitive side of the business."

Convinced by Mr. Oxley's plausibility, Mr. Hubberstey parted with £600, to be invested in the company's shares. An agreement was drawn up under which, at a month's notice, Mr. Oxley agreed to buy back the shares at par.

Later, discovering that practically no business was being done, and that Oxley's post with the Ford Company had been only a very minor one, Mr. Hubberstey gave the month's notice to get his money back.

But Oxley did not honour the agreement, and to-day the shares are absolutely valueless.

Mr. Hubberstey's case is but one of many, and by no means the worst. A Mr. Barron, for instance, parted with £200 for shares. But the company didn't receive it, and the cash was paid into Oxley's private account.

When Mr. Barron became suspicious, he demanded his money back, and to keep him quiet, Oxley gave him a cheque for £200 in repayment. This cheque was dishonoured.

Again, a Mr. Waterhouse was induced to hand Oxley £500 to invest in another company which was to be formed to deal in medical treatments. This did not fructify, but the ingenious Mr. Oxley found other uses for the money, a very serious thing to do.

When Mr. Waterhouse found this out, he wrote to Oxley, who by this time had left Manchester for Reading, and threatened him with arrest.

Pathetic appeal

Immediately we find Mr. Oxley in yet another rôle—this time that of a tenderly considerate husband. Mr. Waterhouse received an imploring letter from him, starting off by saying that, in his absence from home, Mrs. Oxley had opened the letter and was greatly distressed by its contents.

"I am sure you would not willingly injure anyone's feelings," this moving epistle continued, "much less a woman's. . . ." It ended by urging Mr. Waterhouse to stay his hand, as a wealthy lady was about to take over Mr. Oxley's interests!

Enclosed was £50—"hush money"—which was part of the cheque which Oxley had only just extracted from Mr. Barron!

The chances these gentlemen and others who have parted with money to Oxley in connection with the Tractor Services Co. have of getting their money back may be judged from the exclusive information we have obtained about Mr. Oxley's past.

Bad memory

In 1912, at Brentford, Oxley went bankrupt with liabilities of £1,424—a trivial affair this, however, in comparison with some of his subsequent ventures. His creditors received 2s. 2½d. in the pound, and Oxley got his discharge by consenting to a judgment for £310, which he arranged to pay by instalments.

Then he had one of his characteristic lapses of memory, and nearly £200 of that old debt is still due.

Freed from the shackles of bankruptcy, he opened an office in Blackfriars Road, calling himself the "Motor Market."

Both he and his various victims were soon in trouble again, and at Hastings in 1921 he went bankrupt once more, this time for the sum of £6,253 12s. 10d.

His application for discharge from this bankruptcy was refused. Legally, therefore, he was not free to trade again. But this did not deter Mr. Oxley. He started the Manchester company.

He neglected to warn any of his dupes in Tractor Services, Ltd., that he was an undischarged bankrupt. In that matter he has committed a very serious offence, punishable by imprisonment.

But there is still more. At Reading he failed to pay a local firm for decorating a house he had rented, so they made him bankrupt.

Mr. Wilfred Greene, K.C., whose Commission of Enquiry into the Companies Acts made stringent recommendations for company law amendment

Being already undischarged, he should then have disclosed the details of the Hastings affair. He did not, even to the court, at which he also twice failed to appear when ordered to do so.

Hidden facts

Another Reading firm who supplied him with furniture on the hire-purchase system, some of which was subsequently sold under an execution order, state that he did not acquaint them with his bankruptcy either.

The same is true of a firm from whom he acquired a Peugeot car, afterwards recovered in lieu of payment.

Much more might be said about Mr. Oxley's remarkable business methods. It is, however, sufficient to add that in 1923 he was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for wilfully misusing money entrusted to him in a scheme for converting houses into flats.

Most of his present victims feel that a little more attention from the police would be to the general advantage.

Scrap this Law!

Legal Confiscation of Property

OUR exposure of the scandalous way in which, under the Housing Act, 1925, the L.C.C. is enabled to acquire property under improvement schemes is strengthened by additional startling facts placed before us by the Property Owners' Protection Association, Ltd.

This is the body which has been agitating for the repeal of the iniquitous section 46 of the Housing Act of 1925.

Here is a further case of the outrageous operation of this section.

Victims ruined

A bank advanced £1,000 on the security of a sub-lease having about fifty years to run. The sub-lessee was making some £400 a year net from the property. It has recently been scheduled under a scheme, and he has been offered £100!

The security of the mortgagees is thus swept away. The unfortunate victim will be ruined, losing the whole of his income and still owing the bank £900.

Two more cases. A Bristol working man held the lease of four houses and a garden on which a £70 mortgage was outstanding. They have been taken without any compensation whatever!

Blunt refusal

The leaseholder of five well-built houses and a garden valued at £2,000 has been offered £107 10s. for the loss of his property!

The Property Owners' Protection Association has for years represented its members, at a cost of £5,000 in fees, at every enquiry, but section 46 stands between them and justice.

It has asked the Minister of Health to allow its interpretation to be tested in the courts. He has refused.

Now a Bill to alter this section is to be presented to Parliament shortly by several members. May they be successful in their efforts to end this legalised loot!

"The Whist King"

Trail of Unpaid Bills

DESCRIBING himself as an "amusement caterer" and rejoicing in notepaper elaborately headed "Ramsden's Enterprises," Mr. Samuel Ramsden seems to have been principally engaged in the promotion of whist-drives, nominally, at any rate, for local charities.

Several times last year he was fined for using halls for "unlawful gaming."

He always conducted his own defence, and on one occasion boasted that he had promoted 5,000 whist-drives and had handed over £2,000 to charities out of some of them.

The trail left behind.

In the towns which he visited, he seems to have left behind him a trail of unpaid bills and dishonoured cheques.

In Wolverhampton he ran a "Bumper Xmas Drive." He collected all the entrance-fees, and a few days before the drive was to be held asked a lady who had previously promoted drives for charity in the town to conduct it for him, as he had to go away on important business.

Policy of silence

The cheques which he handed her for the prizes were all returned. One poor woman who cashed hers had to pay back the amount by instalments.

The lady paid others herself. To her earlier letters he returned evasive replies; to others no reply at all.

We have also before us Mr. Ramsden's dishonoured cheque for £2 17s. given to a Nottingham lady as first prize in one of his "drives." It is dated December 17, 1924. She has not heard from him since.

These are but two cases out of many.

People or towns who are threatened with Mr. Ramsden's "entertainments" in future will be well advised to look for cash down.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. the DUKE OF YORK, K.G., K.T., Piccadilly, London, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—You tell us you have been deeply moved by Australia's demonstrations of loyalty. I am convinced that the Australians have been as highly impressed by your manly bearing, and I know that the sweetness of the Duchess has won all hearts. It was no easy matter to follow in the footsteps of your Royal brother, but you have performed your task nobly and well. The country is your debtor, sir, in that you have proved a great Ambassador.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD HEWART, Lord Chief Justice.

MY LORD,—Pray accept my warm congratulations on your firmness in connection with the men charged before you with blackmail. You sent the worst of the bunch to penal servitude for life, and the rest received terms ranging from eight to fifteen years. I have always held that no punishment is too severe for these soul-murderers, and it is to be hoped that other judges will show a like courage. It is the only way to stamp out this vilest of all crimes. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD EUSTACE PERCY, M.P., Minister for Education.

DEAR SIR,—Can any sense come out of Whitehall? You, at any rate, tell the truth when you declare the intellectual influence of the home accounts for half the success of Scottish education. But why confine that conclusion to the north? Home influence is the paramount factor everywhere, and until there are decent homes provided for the workers everywhere it is doubtful whether most of our efforts to raise the status of the children will not prove abortive. When the world has sense enough to limit expenditure on armaments and put its money into home building, town planning and education, your problems, like those of many other Ministers of the Crown, will resolve themselves. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir LESLIE SCOTT, K.C., M.P., Egerton Terrace, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I need not add to the gruelling criticism your support of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals for abolition of boards of guardians received at Liverpool. Nevertheless, I must agree that a purely theoretical grasp of the situation as regards poverty and out-relief is a very different thing from close and understanding contact with the poor. For the rest, until the unemployment problem is seriously tackled, the money spent on out-relief will remain colossal.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir THOMAS DAVIES, M.P., Constitutional Club, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—When asked by certain influential constituents to urge the Government to "extend the Safeguarding of Industries Act to all productive industries in general and agriculture in particular," you flatly refused. It is true enough that under such a scheme food would cost more, and your sturdy common-sense and political honesty pleases me greatly. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ARTHUR PUGH, President Trade Union Congress.

DEAR SIR,—The International Economic Conference at Geneva showed its good sense by unanimously adopting your resolution that the maintenance of world peace is largely dependent upon economic policies. Since world prosperity is a higher aim than national, trade rivalries must be wisely controlled. In international co-operation lies the solution of the riddle, and the Party which recognises this is the power of the future.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. JOHN PETER, Low Street, New Pitsligo.

DEAR MADAM,—You have attained the grand old age of 101, which, coupled with the fact that you are still hale and hearty, is more than sufficient reason for this letter. Indeed, when I read that you ascribe your long life to hard work, I felt that I had no option but to quote you as a fine example to my readers. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HAY HALKETT, Marylebone Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—There are so many occasions when the action of our London police court magistrates is praiseworthy that the opposite causes something of a shock. Nevertheless, I must voice my surprise at your criticism of the law which provides that a man guilty of being drunk in charge of a motor-car should have his licence automatically suspended for twelve months, and your promise to set it aside. The duty of magistrates is to administer the law and not publicly to flout it. A drunken motorist is more than a nuisance. He is a death-dealing nuisance. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor LAURA CHAMBERLAIN, Stepney.

DEAR MISS CHAMBERLAIN,—At the age of twenty-three you may claim to be the youngest councillor, not only in your own borough, but in London. That you have secured the votes of enough of your fellow-citizens to place you in your seat is sufficient proof of your ability. That you cannot yourself give a vote when the time for an election comes round shows the farcical nature of the present sex discrimination. You, at any rate, will be a keen supporter of equal citizenship.

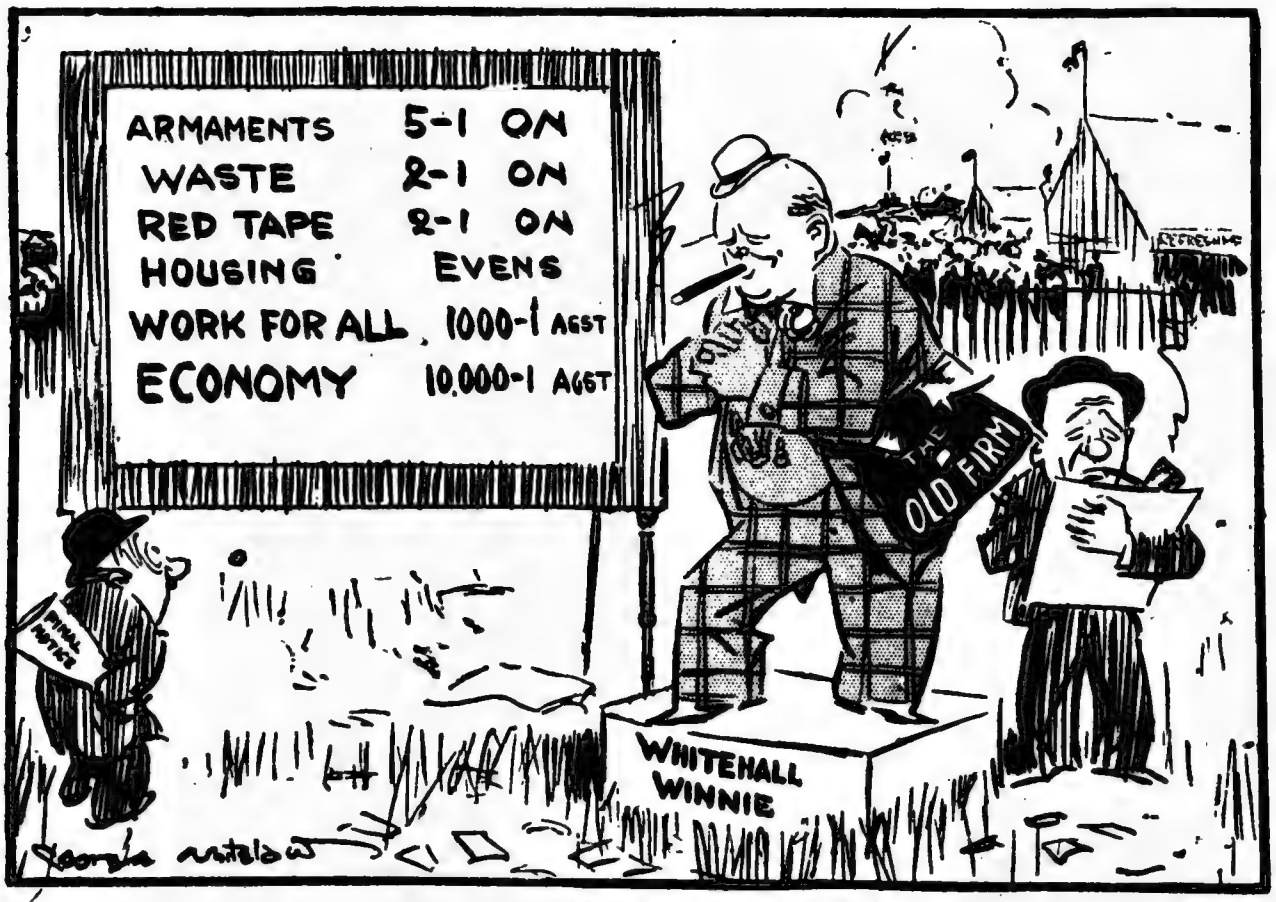
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ARTHUR LEA, Wrexham.

DEAR SIR,—For nearly half a century you served in the Post Office, during which time you covered nearly 340,000 miles, 80,000 of which you travelled on foot. You are a Welsh International football-player, and you did wonderful work as professional cricketer with the Wrexham club. Yet throughout life you have possessed but one arm. Such a brilliant triumph over physical disability stamps you as a man in ten thousand, and I am proud to pay tribute to your worth. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. L. GALWAY, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, W.

DEAR SIR,—I am interested in your praise of "subterranean clover," a wonderful food for cattle and sheep not well known in this country. In Australia lands which two or three years ago were worth £6 to £10 an acre now fetch £25 owing to the introduction of the plant in question. The truth is that in this country agriculture is wrapped in hide-bound tradition and unwilling to try new methods. The curse of this attitude is that it leaves the population of these islands wholly at the mercy of other countries for food. At least a large portion of our daily bread could, and should, be grown on the spot. JOHN BULL.



THE PUNTER'S DILEMMA

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. LLOYD GEORGE:—"The country is Liberal to the core."

What the country really is, is muddle-headed to the core.

DEAN INGE:—"It is becoming plain that democracy has done its work."

In your opinion. Others may think democracy has never had a chance.

DR. LANGLEY:—"99 per cent. of the cases I regard as cripples would pass in everyday life as normal."

An opinion which throws lurid light on civilisation's accepted standard.

SIR ALAN ANDERSON:—"The most obvious trade barrier is Customs tariffs; the real barrier is in the mind."

Then break down the latter and the former will fall as a matter of course.

ARE we living in a civilised age? There are some things in existence that sometimes make us doubt it. Savage cruelty surely belongs to the dark ages; yet it is practised still under conditions that are allied to sheer barbarism.

Flogged Boys Outrage

by **G. HENRY AMES** *(Honorary Secretary, Council for the Rights of Youth)*

TO-DAY, when humanitarianism and common sense figure so largely in the educational sphere of youth, it is fitting to be reminded that the barbarous practice of flogging boys for childish misdemeanours continues in training-ships and other institutions.

True, the cat-o'-nine-tails is no longer used, but the massive rod which has succeeded it carries the same physical and moral effects.

As all who have seen or suffered the disgusting ordeal know full well, the flogging of to-day, as administered to lads in training-ships, etc., is no whit less severe than that of a century ago, and is equally humiliating and degrading to victim and administrator.

It may come as a shock to many to know that such harsh disciplinary methods are not peculiar to truant-ships and the like reformatory establishments, but are part and parcel of the ordinary routine in many cases where only boys of good character are admitted for marine training.

Angels in hell

Indeed, it might be reasonably described as a case where it is necessary to prove oneself an angel to be admitted into hell, as the fullest enquiries are made into the brief history of the youthful aspirants before they are admitted, and no "shady" characters are taken.

It is astounding, therefore, that such carefully selected boys, who, either from desire or economic circumstances, decide in favour of the sea as a career, should be subjected to so harsh a tyranny at the outset.

It might be reasonably supposed that the drastic method of flogging is reserved for the most serious offences, and that an attempt, at least, is made to see that the punishment fits the crime. Such, however, is not always the case, and some of the most brutal floggings are inflicted for youthful departures from an unnaturally rigid disciplinary code.

Thus a lad of fifteen may be tied or held down and most brutally assaulted by a powerful man for the "crime" of being found in possession of a cigarette, showing a "black" look or returning from leave a few minutes late. Readers will be safe, therefore, in concluding that such floggings are fairly frequent.

On one training-ship, which admits only boys of good character, there were administered in one year no less than eighty-one floggings among forty-seven boys!

An astounding percentage, and more especially as this ship carries an average complement of only 100 boys.

Damnable crime

Unfortunately for all concerned, the ghastly orgy has to be seen to be fully appreciated. There are those of us who have not only seen, but have suffered the ordeal, and for the most ridiculously trivial offences against discipline.

The writer of this article had the misfortune on one occasion to miss a train by a few minutes, which resulted in his arriving off leave twenty minutes late. His punishment was a flogging carried out in the most bestial fashion imaginable.

Wearing the specially flimsy trousers provided for the occasion, the victim was flung across a gymnasium horse, and his wrists and ankles secured together underneath in such a way that any movement was quite impossible.

The clothing was arranged so that only the threadbare trousers covered the flesh, and the burly "flagellator" with the rod rained blows with every ounce of strength in his powerful body.

In view of the nature of the "crime," readers will judge whether such inhuman treatment of a boy, scarce more than a child, was justified. When it is pointed out that the victim was at the time convalescent, having undergone a severe surgical operation, necessitated by a previous brutal assault by a superior, the injustice of the flogging becomes a damnable crime!

Sickening sights

Such fiendish treatment of a convalescent boy might easily have resulted in death or permanent physical injury of the gravest kind. As it was, the victim reached the verge of unconsciousness, and remained a trembling mass of outraged nerves for many hours after, whilst the ghastly scars did not disappear from his body until seven weeks had elapsed.

And this is not an isolated case. Even on this specific occasion there were several other boys awaiting their turn to be flogged for various minor indiscretions, and all were forced to witness, as well as suffer, the disgusting ordeal from beginning to end.

And this constituted the authority of one individual only, there being no semblance of a trial and no doctor to say whether or not any of the boys were physically unfit to bear such drastic treatment. The fact, too, of tying down the victims adds fiendish insult to hideous injury and is peculiarly un-British.

A member of our council, who served in a training-ship for boys of good character, gives the following vivid account of a flogging, typical of many, which he was forced to witness:

Helpless terror

"On one occasion a boy had been caught smoking. Twelve cuts with the rod was the sentence, which was carried out twenty-four hours after. All the boys and officers were assembled on the keel-deck, that is a deck below water-level, where the shrieks of the victim cannot possibly be heard outside.

"The boy, a frail and delicate type, looking pale, and trembling ominously, stood before an old gymnasium horse. His crime and sentence were slowly read through by the chief officer, a particularly mean type of cur, who quite obviously derived enjoyment from the terror and helplessness of his poor child victim. He then commanded several boys to fling the guilty one across the horse and hold him there.

"This was done with very natural reluctance, and one of the boys gently placed a handkerchief in the victim's mouth. 'Bite it,' he whispered, 'it will help you to bear it!'

"The brute with the rod then arranged the clothing so that only the trousers covered the victim's flesh, and prepared to deliver the blows. 'Carry on!' growled the chief officer, drawling the number inflicted after each blow with the satisfied grin of a fiend.

"'One!—Two!—Three!' (the frail little body began to writhe horribly in its unwilling shackles). 'Four!—Five!' (the sweat of agony poured from the victim's distorted face). 'Six!—Seven!' (One of the boys looking on suddenly fell to the deck. The horror of the sight had proved too much for his young mind, and unconsciousness had mercifully released him.)

"'Eight!—Nine!' (One of the boys who was holding the prisoner was freely weeping, and

Mr. G. Henry Ames

I suddenly recalled that he and the victim were bosom friends.) 'Twelve!'—It was over.

"Our poor little friend was gently lowered to the deck, his childish features racked with a fearful agony, his body a quivering mass of shattered nerves. His closest companions, unable to tolerate their pent-up feelings of remorse, fell to kissing and caressing their tortured comrade. 'Thank God it's over!' murmured one.

National interests

"I turned away with a challenge in my heart and a curse on my lips. Thank God, indeed! But some day I would be free from the isolation of that training-ship.

"Then, indeed, would I raise heaven and earth in defence of these innocent young victims of so cruel a deception—these lads of good character, whose greatest crime, in the eyes of a despotic authority, appears to be the commendable one of wishing to go to sea."

In demanding the elimination of this horrible crime against boys of normally good character the Council for the Rights of Youth feel it is serving the interests, not of the victims alone, but of the whole British nation.

As regards boys actually training in the Navy, some improvement has recently been effected, for, whereas it used to be open to an individual officer to order a flogging, such drastic punishment can now only be decided upon by a court-martial.

This is an obvious advantage over the old system, and it is surely not too much to demand of the charitable marine training establishments and similar institutions that they, at least, adopt the court-martial system of trial. This is the minimum concession that can be made to an outraged public opinion. The isolation policy of the past will no longer serve to conceal this scandal.

Defend the defenceless!

There are other urgent matters which the Council is determined to take up, such as food and general treatment of boys in training establishments.

But the flogging issue must be paramount in the mind and heart of every decent-minded man and woman who possesses the slightest parental conception of justice. The Council for the Rights of Youth earnestly appeals to all to rouse themselves in defence of the defenceless.

ABBEY HOUSE Opened June and by the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P.

ABBEY HOUSE The new Head Offices of the Abbey Road Building Society

The Public Benefit of Ownership Based on the Private Virtues of Thrift

THAT is the *raison d'être* of all Building Societies, and when the Minister of Health opened Abbey House this week, he was paying a tribute to the Building Society movement in general. Abbey House is not the mere expression of financial success—it is permanent testimony to the good old-fashioned virtue of thrift and the good old-fashioned ambition to own a home—a virtue and an ambition which all Building Societies strive to encourage. Abbey House is a necessity to a Society which from very humble origins over fifty years ago has now grown to be the largest Building Society in the metropolitan area. Ample accommodation and improved facilities have been secured to the Abbey Road Building Society in a building which is a worthy addition to the architecture of the metropolis, and which will enable the Society still further to improve its services to careful investors and to worthy borrowers.

A booklet telling of the growth of the Abbey Road Society and giving full details of the facilities it affords for profitable investment will be sent post free on request.

"ABBEY ROAD"

LONDON'S FOREMOST BUILDING SOCIETY

HAROLD BELLMAN—*General Manager*

ABBEY HOUSE
UPPER BAKER STREET, LONDON, N.W.1
(*Immediately opposite Baker Street Tube Station*)
City Office: 145 MOORGATE, E.C.2

and at
24 Finchley Road, N.W.3
20 The Parade, Golders Green
36 Alexander Street, Southend-on-Sea
5 Dudley's Corner, Watford
24 Mill Street, Bedford
1 Friar Street, Reading
24 Birley Street, Blackpool

and at
20 Orchard Street, Bristol
32 Bayley Lane, Coventry
43 Fountain Street, Manchester
Burlington Buildings, Norwich
21 Lockyer Street, Plymouth

—Do YOU know the Grape-Nuts Secret?

When 43 beats 24...

Who said forty-three was too old? Games and work come alike to him. He's *there*—with Perfect Health. To him it's all easy. Just the very natural result of getting plenty of exercise, fresh air and sleep—and using a little discretion in his choice of food—particularly at breakfast time. *He knows the Grape-Nuts secret!* He eats Grape-Nuts every day, year in, year out, because it supplies the body with the elements it requires for strength, energy, and endurance.

Think it over! Grape-Nuts supplies your body with the elements it requires to make you strong, vigorous, healthy—able to stand the pace and win! But it supplies those elements in an easily digestible form, due to the special baking process which it goes through.

Grape-Nuts is a crisp food, which you will like to chew. Ask your dentist how important it is that the teeth and gums be properly exercised. The crispness of Grape-Nuts promotes good teeth, tending to prevent cavities and toothache.

Grape-Nuts is a most delicious food, with a rich, natural, nut-like flavour. Get a package from your grocer to-day and try Grape-Nuts with milk or cream for to-morrow's breakfast.

Grape-Nuts for Breakfast

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

DIRECTORS without CONSCIENCES

CONVICTED OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS

A Proven Indictment

WE have had many hard things to say about the big industrial assurance companies.

In the course of our campaign we have encountered much scepticism. We have been accused of over-stating the facts and of painting the picture in altogether too dark colours.

We have never had this accusation repeated once the sceptic has seen with his own eyes the incontrovertible mass of evidence in our possession.

Hard as are the things we have said they are not one whit too hard. We have, if anything, understated what we know to be the truth.

If there is anyone who still believes that the industrial assurance companies are benevolent angels in disguise, let him ponder the work JOHN BULL has accomplished *in the past seven days alone.*

We have obtained from—we might almost say wrung out of—these companies no less than £770 16s. 8d. on behalf of our readers who, but for our intervention, would not have received one penny.

In hard cash alone we have obtained £473 13s. 2d., while the remaining £297 3s. 6d. is in the form of free policy values payable on death.

THE point to bear in mind is that this is money that was legally due to these readers, money to which they have every right, but money which they would never have obtained without our intervention.

If the fact that the industrial assurance companies were prepared to retain this £770 16s. 8d. is not what we have often termed "rank, barefaced robbery," we should like to know what it is.

There are some who may say that the companies do not know what is going on; there are those who have said many times that there are bound to be bad agents, but that the head offices of the companies would always put things right if their attention was drawn to what is wrong.

Well, here is a reader who was left a widow with two children, and being unable to continue the payment of her premiums her policy was lapsed. She wrote to the head office and asked what surrender value was due on her policies.

This was the reply she received: "With reference to your letter, I herewith return above policy, which has no surrender value attaching to it by its conditions."

The authenticity of this letter cannot be disputed for it was signed by the general manager of the company concerned.

Yet there is due on this policy £7 10s. 6d., which JOHN BULL will obtain for this poor widow as surely as night follows day. What has the sceptic to say to this?

FINALLY, let us take the case of Margaret Dunn, who in 1884 took out policies on the life of her nephew. The fact that such policies were illegal—that Margaret Dunn could not insure the life of her nephew—did not weigh with the company. It took the money and continued to take the money until 1915, when the nephew joined up.

Margaret Dunn reached the age of seventy. The nephew was killed in the war. She could not go on paying the premiums and the policies lapsed. The company paid her nothing and a few weeks ago she died in abject poverty.

Yet these policies were all covered by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, and a sum of £35 9s. 6d. was due to this poor old woman in 1919.

She did not know it. The companies, although they knew it, did not tell her. What a godsend the money would have been to her in her poverty-stricken old age.

Rank, bare-faced robbery! The dictionary does not contain words that adequately describe the state of mind of those who can so deliberately rob an old woman of money that is hers by every legal and moral right.

We do not envy those who can do such things their conscience.

Mr. G. Stuart Robertson, K.C., Industrial Assurance Commissioner, before whom we fight many cases

THE GREAT FOOD RAMP

Scotch the Poisoners!

TO Leeds belongs the distinction of taking the first proceedings under the Public Health (Preservatives in Food) Regulations.

In that city two tradesmen have been summoned for selling peas containing copper sulphate. There is no necessity for the inclusion in canned food of such a dangerous poison as copper sulphate. It is merely added to make the vegetables a "nice green colour."

Copper sulphate is not a swift poison when taken in small quantities. Its effects are cumulative.

All this was known for years to the Ministry of Health. But it was not until the rank adulteration of food had become a scandal, and the pressure of public opinion, which we played no small part in forming, overwhelming, that the Government moved.

EVEN then, it moved reluctantly. The Ministry, in sending out the order to local authorities, asked them to be "indulgent to traders so that they could get rid of their stocks"!

It is not to be wondered at that the Leeds Stipendiary Magistrate bore this in mind.

"Why," he asked, "if a thing is likely to be injurious to public health, is five months to be allowed for the actual purpose of letting traders sell such things? It is one of the most amazing things I ever heard of." And he dismissed both cases under the Probation Act.

This is the perfectly logical decision of a logically-minded man. Nevertheless, it brings us up sharp against the shocking truth that poisons may still be included in our daily food, and all the culprits escape.

BUT the public does not escape, and that is the most horrible part of the matter.

How many deaths are indirectly traceable to impure foods is not known.

And neither can it be known how far the same thing accounts for the terrible and increasing incidence of the dread scourge of cancer.

Fish, fruit and vegetables every summer are destroyed by the ton, rather than sold without enormous profit. But that is a mild evil compared with actual adulteration. For that, offenders, the people who actually sin, should be smartly punished.

The new regulations must be enforced. Otherwise the health of the people is being openly sacrificed on the altar of Mammon.

BLIND GUIDES

A BILL has been introduced by the South African Government for the adoption of a new national flag which does not include the Union Jack.

The chief objection to the present flag in the minds of the old Dutch elements in South Africa appears to be that the Union Jack stands for conquest.

We can understand the feeling against the Union Jack. It is chiefly due to the abuse of the national colours by a small but aggressive clique for selfish and unpatriotic ends.

We have exactly the same thing in this country.

The Union Jack is "kidnapped" on all sorts of occasions by individuals whose creed may be the very antithesis of that liberty of the subject for which the Union Jack stands.

We find it used at elections as party colours, by diehards and reactionaries, who thereby endeavour to brand as unpatriotic all who oppose their narrow and un-British doctrines.

So with the Cenotaph. Our national monument to those who fell in the war to end war is in danger of becoming a parade-ground, reserved for spurred and booted militarists. In some subtle way it is associated, on days of national mourning, mainly with brass hats who should be the last people to come near it.

What the new-flag party in South Africa forgets is that the Union Jack is the emblem of the people of all the Empire, the vast majority of whom have never dishonoured it, and never could.

By discarding it they are playing into the hands of those very people at home and in the Dominions who have dragged it in the mud.

Is It An Election?

by A. G. GARDINER

"OUT the Reds!" makes a fine call to irresponsible minds. But it can make no claim to statesmanship. To build more closely is the work of statecraft; to cut off a country is a sign of weakness that can only have most serious results

M. Rosengolz, Russian Charge d'Affaires

THE policy of "Out with the Reds" has won, and Mr. Baldwin has once more capitulated to Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Mr. Churchill. I do not doubt that he has done the popular thing, and if he lets Mr. Churchill have his way and takes an election in the next few months on the Russian issue and the Trade Disputes Bill, I think he will get a new lease of power for his Party.

It is not surprising and it is not discreditable that the decision is popular. The foul gang of cosmopolitan adventurers who have got their teeth and claws into Russia have long since put themselves outside the pale of civilised society.

They are not men, but a disease. They beg with one hand and stab with the other. Wherever there is mischief brewing or trouble afoot these creatures are found pouring petrol on the flames in the hope that they may make as complete a desolation of other countries as they have made of their own.

Judas Iscariots

Their aim is not to build up society, but to wreck society, and if the chief stream of their venom is directed against this country it is only because they see in the British system the chief obstacle to the triumph of their catastrophic policy.

It needed no revelation from the Arcos buildings to assure us of the malignity of their intrigues against us. They have been notorious for years, and we know all there is to know about the Tomskys, Trotzkys, Borodins, Rothsteins and Litvinoffs who flit about the world changing their names as they change their garments, but never changing the character of the vermin they are.

I repeat that it is not surprising that popular opinion should welcome the words, "Get out." I am aware that my own feelings welcome them.

But feeling is not a wise adviser in great affairs, and in fighting a disease a hatchet is not a very useful weapon. If the blow we have struck at Russia could be relied on to strike the foul nest of plotters who are the source of the disease without doing harm to ourselves there would be no question of its wisdom.

Ominous happenings

But it does not do that. Denouncing the trade agreement, which was made by Sir Robert Horne in full knowledge of the facts, and breaking off diplomatic relations do nothing to lessen the powers of the Soviet junta at home and less than nothing to weaken their power for mischief abroad.

It is more than doubtful whether they even diminish the sources of credit open to the Soviet. We had already refused to open our money-bags to them, and all that seems likely is that the Soviet will now make desperate efforts to come to terms with other Powers.

What has been happening abroad in the last few days is extremely significant. Chicherin has hurried off to Paris, where he did not find M. Briand unwilling to give him a long interview.

The subject of that interview is not in doubt, and we must not be surprised if in a very short time we discover that France and Russia have come to an understanding on the debt question, that France is lending money to the Soviet, and that the Soviet is diverting all the trade possible into French channels.

Indeed, you have only to note the comments of the Paris newspapers to appreciate the cheerfulness with which France sees us once more pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for the consumption of the Quai d'Orsay. We shall burn our fingers, but France has no intention of burning hers.

Just as she allowed us to draw all the lightnings and bear all the expense in China, so she will officially approve of all we are doing now and leave us to bear all the consequences.

Grave losses to trade

Nor has Germany any intention of breaking with Russia. Nor, I think, has Italy. All these countries are quite happy that we should hammer the Soviet, for they suspect that in hammering the Soviet we are hammering ourselves and providing good business for them. They applaud us in their newspapers. "Go in and win," they say, and in the next paragraph or so they are speculating on the new trade opportunities that are coming their way.

For whatever else results, there can be no doubt that this is a disastrous thing for our trade. We have told Russia that we will have no dealings with her and that she can take her trade elsewhere and in so far as it is possible she will do so.

Some of our more thoughtless newspapers have been daily scoffing at the dimensions of that trade. Well, since the making of the trade agreement it has amounted to 150 millions sterling, and there was the certainty that this year it would have been vastly greater than in any previous year.

For textile machinery ordered in Lancashire alone contracts amounting to £2,000,000 are in process of fulfilment, and it is notorious that one of the London banks was on the point of arranging a credit for £10,000,000, every penny of which would have gone to stimulating British production.

All these and many other similar schemes are knocked on the head, or seriously prejudiced. No doubt trade of some sort will continue, but it will be hampered by every possible difficulty.

Political gambling

It will have to be conducted through foreign ports and under conditions involving the maximum of insecurity. But wherever possible it will be canalised into German, French and American channels.

And the question for us is whether the harm we have done the gang of political ruffians who rule at Moscow is comparable with the harm we have done to British industry, at the moment when British industry is so urgently needing stimulus.

I do not think it is. And I ask why the Government think it is? There is nothing in the circumstances to justify the change of policy. The Bolsheviks are not more dangerous than they were when the agreement was made. They are less dangerous. They have clearly shot their bolt in China and every defeat like that brings them nearer to the day when Russia will throw off their detestable tyranny.

Why play their game at the moment when the tide was beginning to turn against them? Why has Mr. Baldwin been stampeded by Mr. Churchill, the worst adviser in a matter of statesmanship that this country has ever had?

I can only conceive one reason. It is that Mr. Baldwin has been induced to spring another election on the "Red" issue. If that is so, it is not statesmanship, but political gambling, and our trade is too vital a thing to be made the subject of a political gamble.

There is more romance in life than was ever penned by novelists. And that met with in life has a touch that defies imagination

The Girl who

TO many people the European war spelt stark, unrelieved tragedy, but to Annunciata Ducros it brought a wonderful romance. My readers will no doubt recall the story of this young Italian girl. She had left her home in Italy, and had come to London in search of her wartime lover.

Mr. Philip Inman

One night she was discovered wandering about the streets, desolate and destitute. A policeman found her a shelter and in a day or two sufficient money had been subscribed to send that girl home again.

That, in bare outline, was the story, and there, so far as the public were concerned, the romance ended.

As I went my rounds one day I saw a strange face in No. 13 bed of the Westwood Ward. He was comparatively young as years go, yet his hair was almost white, and his face was careworn.

"What's your trouble?" I asked him kindly. "My chest," he replied, "a relic of wartime days." "You were gassed, eh?" I ventured. "Yes," he agreed, "and I've never been the same man since. I have already spent two years in a sanatorium, and I thought I was cured."

Just then a visitor came into the ward. She was good to look upon, and with that vivacious charm which distinguishes a foreigner. In broken English she asked him if he felt any better.

I WAITED to hear his reply, and when I looked at him I saw that his face had lost its haggard expression as he said, "Rather! I'll soon be well again now." And I left John Graham to enjoy the company of his wife.

It was two days later that I received a note from her begging that her husband might be transferred into another bed. "I am superstitious," it went on, "and he will never get better as long as he stays in No. 13. Please, please, I do want him well again."

A Thief's Tragic Story

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

SOCIETY hates to have its flaws pointed out to the gaping multitude. That is not infrequently the greatest crime our criminals commit. We do not like being forced to contemplate the wreckage which is frequently of our own making

IN his book on England, Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, says: "I think the English people are at heart and in practice the kindest people in the world. With some faults, there is in England a profound sympathy for the under-dog. There is a brotherly and a neighbourly feeling which we see to a remarkable extent through all classes."

Mr. Baldwin is no doubt right in saying this. On the whole, these attributes are quite characteristic of the average Englishman.

Taken by and large the English system of society is about as good as one could find in any country in the world. It is one thing, however, to be kind as an individual; it is quite another to be kind as a nation, or even as an organised system of society, and it is when the individual comes up against the system that the worth of that kindliness and large-heartedness, that "profound sympathy for the under-dog," finds its true testing time.

Thereby, as the old novelist used to say, hangs a tale. Let me tell it to you.

A bad start

In a south coast town, last November, a doctor entering his chambers late one night was horrified to find, supporting himself against the wall, a young man of about twenty-three, in the last extremities of physical and mental distress.

Though on the verge of starvation, he did not beg, and it was only after forcible persuasion that the doctor prevailed upon him to accept the hospitality of his room.

When he had been restored with a little food, the man, whom I will call Albert Evans, although that is not his name, gave the doctor the following story of his life.

His mother he had never known, but he was brought up by a foster-mother. While a boy, his father, who posed as a journalist, deliberately encouraged in him every expensive taste. For three months in the year they would tour England and France together, staying always in the most luxurious hotels.

At the age of fifteen his father revealed to him how their comfortable income was procured. Trading on a boy's love of adventure, it was not difficult to induce him to become his assistant, and before long the lad became an expert thief.

The price of a promise

With two or three occasional breaks, when he tried to gain an honest living, he passed the next seven or eight years living the hazardous but prosperous life of a clever thief. At one time he broke away, joined the Army and went to India, but the discipline proved unendurable. He deserted, returning to his former mode of life, and at twenty-three was a confirmed crook.

In the course of his wanderings he visited a south coast watering town, and here two unexpected things happened. He met a young girl, a domestic servant of a poor family, with whom he fell in love.

Perhaps love made him careless; he was caught and sentenced to several months' imprisonment.

The little servant girl came to him at the police station and told him that she should wait for him if he would promise to go straight.

Six months ago, on his release from Wandsworth prison, the girl was waiting for him.

If this were a film story, their subsequent life would, in all probability, be featured as an ideal existence in one of England's picturesque villages—the young man returning, after his day's honest labour, to be greeted by his wife at the cottage garden gate, both blissful at the prospect of the coming babe.

But this happens to be a true story, and the young man has found it impossible to get work.

He has kept his promise to the girl and "gone straight," though this has meant living for weeks on boiled turnips, the two of them frequently being without food of any sort, in bitter weather having neither shelter nor clothing.

It was at the close of one such day that the doctor found him in a state of collapse, and, but for this man's goodness, the ex-convict affirms that he would have been forced to go back to the

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister, who considers the British people the kindest in the world

old game. The night the doctor befriended him he was obliged to leave him in full possession of his chambers, but when he returned the next morning he found everything in its place and a note of thanks from the ex-thief.

The three alternatives

With such a blasting record, however, Evans has been unable to get any but casual jobs at a few shillings.

He is faced with three alternatives: to starve; to leave the girl who is soon to become a mother, and tramp the roads, sleeping in the casual wards; or to return to his former manner of life.

He has proved by his six months' ordeal that he can go straight, but how, if he is not given the chance of honourable work to support himself, the girl and the coming baby? Must he for ever carry with him his own prison walls, where, "Pale anguish keeps the heavy gate, and the warder is despair?"

Must he? This is a typical case of what happens when the individual comes up against society, and finds that Englishmen in the mass have not necessarily that same kindness of heart, that same "brotherly and neighbourly feeling" which the Englishman as an individual undoubtedly possesses.

With all our vaunted efficiency, our social services, our rescue societies, and the thousand and one expedients that we have created to restore the penitent wrongdoer to social respectability, we have never really succeeded in opening the door which the law bangs, bars and bolts behind those who offend against society's rules.

"There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth . . ," says the Bible, but although we call ourselves a Christian nation we do not believe that that could apply on earth.

The Eleventh Commandment

We, as an organised society, have no time for the repentant sinner. We have added an Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," which is not infrequently made to appear far more important than the other ten.

Men may rob and steal and betray—so long as they are not found out. They may even, if they are clever enough, do these things and receive high honours.

It is a mortal crime against society to drag into the light of day the fact that society is a little wobbly at the knees, that there are certain gaping chinks in its armour, and that it is quite incapable of ensuring that a man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Albert Evans was found out. That was apparently his greatest crime against society; but it does not excuse society any the more for that.

ho Brought the Sky

In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

So John Graham was moved into another bed, and when I passed through the ward that day his wife smilingly expressed her gratitude.

During the next few days I saw a good deal of those two, and it was a delight to watch them together. "He is poorly," she said in her broken English. "It is the only shadow in a great big blue sky." "That shadow will soon pass," I said.

"WE have only been married a year," said the patient, "and it's hard lines on her. If I had only known——" "Hush, you must not speak to me that way," and another cloud rose in her "great big blue sky." But it was soon cleared up again, and her face was wreathed in smiles.

"You hear of me one day?" she queried. "I'm afraid I don't understand," I replied. "You know my name. You see it in the papers," she continued. Then she took from her purse a crumpled newspaper cutting, and as I read I comprehended. Ann Graham and Annunciata Ducros were one and the same.

"But what happened," I asked her. "How comes it that you are married to him?" And she told me. "He, silly boy, was not well. We meet when he was—what you say?—billet with us, in those bad war days. We love. He come back to England. He say he will come for me one day, but he never come. I wait, oh, so long and then come to England to find him.

"Then one day he come to fetch me and the big sun it shine again. He had been ill, so ill, but he well now and we marry. We have been happy—yes, yes, great happy. Please, please, make him well for me."

I LOOKED at that girl and then I said, "We will play our part, but you, too, will do yours, I know." "Oh! what can I do? I will do anything," she replied earnestly. "Keep him bright and happy," I said. "Make him to smile all the time. That will help him." "Yes, yes, I will try to do that," she told me.

John Graham is making a good recovery. There is no reason why, with ordinary care, he should not live for years. His wife, when she heard those tidings, smilingly said, "I will be sure to take great care of him," and she is now waiting for the day when she can translate that desire into a deed.

DOCTOR'S ABSOLUTE FAITH IN KRUSCHEN

Read the story of his own amazing recovery

The letter which we publish below reached our offices last week. It is an entirely spontaneous and disinterested testimony to the value of Kruschen, written by a well-known doctor; written because, in his own words, he felt that if he did not acquaint us with his own personal experience he would be wanting in common gratitude. We are glad to be able to bring the claims of Kruschen Salts to the notice of readers of JOHN BULL, backed by the statements of such an eminent authority.

DEAR SIRS,

During the past few months I have often felt inclined to write you concerning the efficiency of your Mineral Salts, but the customary prejudice of the profession against the giving of testimonials has hitherto hindered me from doing so.

However, the very pronounced benefit I have experienced from a long course of the Kruschen Salts compels me to hesitate no longer.

(Here follows a detailed medical description of the doctor's symptoms and condition, etc.)

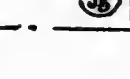
Knowing that the usual drugs would be of no avail, I eventually took to a systematic course of your Kruschen Salts and have much pleasure in telling you that the results have been almost phenomenal. My friends never expected me to recover, but now I can thankfully say I have shed my former woes like a garment. Hyper-acidity, Gouty Symptoms, Hæmorrhoids, Rheumatic pains, though none very severe, were each of them sufficient to make themselves unpleasant at times. They have all vanished, and now I keep to the Kruscheh Salts with the utmost regularity. In fact I would rather forgo breakfast than miss my morning dose. It is indubitably the very Salt of Life.

I may tell you plainly that I have no interest in advertising your perfectly balanced natural corrective, but I feel that if I did not write and acquaint you with my own personal experience I should be wanting in common gratitude.

You are at perfect liberty to make what use you may desire of this letter—all I ask is that you refrain from divulging my name.

I remain,
Yours very truly, ———.

Kruschen is a combination of six mineral salts, all of which your body must have to keep the blood pure, the inside clean, and the system generally toned up. Living as you do without enough exercise or fresh air, you can't get those salts in Nature's own way. You must take them in the form of Kruschen every day. *It's the little daily dose that does it.* Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles.



TASTELESS IN TEA.

HOUNDED TO DISHONOUR

THE SHAME OF THE STREETS

Magdalens of the Night

"UNFORTUNATE!" There is a sad appropriateness in the application of this word to women whom polite convention describes as of "a certain class."

The attitude of society towards the hired woman is one of rank hypocrisy. It loads her with contempt and scorn, dogs her path with penalties, punishes her by unjust laws. Yet to the men who patronise her it has nothing to say.

On an average 6,000 women are dealt with every year in the police-courts as "common prostitutes," fined or sent to jail.

A startling opinion

In his book, "The Police Court and its Work," published in 1925, the late Mr. H. T. Waddy, a magistrate of long experience, wrote:—

"I have an uneasy feeling that many a prostitute, in lawful use of public thoroughfares, has in past days been convicted of solicitation, when in truth she has herself been importuned. It is sometimes overlooked that, so long as she is not engaged in soliciting to the annoyance of the other person, a prostitute has equal rights with any other person in the use of the streets.

"It is often forgotten that the only change from the abject misery of her home surroundings must perforce be in the streets, and there she is just as liable to be spoken to as the most demure maiden in Mayfair."

Mr. Waddy proceeds:

"It is an everyday occurrence at a police-court for an admittedly common prostitute, charged with soliciting, to allege that she was the party solicited, and the statement is often true, though the woman is prevented from substantiating it.

"In truth, evidence of solicitation needs always to be scrutinised with great care; it is a matter upon which the most honest witness may well be mistaken.

Another witness to the injustice of these laws is Mr. Forbes Lankester, K.C., for many years a magistrate at the West London Police Court, whose remarks were recently quoted by Lord Balfour of Burleigh in the House of Lords:

"Since recent decisions of the quarter sessions, the police have prosecuted under the old Vagrancy Act, and some magistrates have held that accosting amounts to 'riotous and indecent conduct,' and have sentenced the unfortunate woman to one month's hard labour without the option of a fine.

"This I regard as a monstrous injustice. The Act was never intended for such cases, but no decision has been possible because it has been laid down that what is indecent or riotous is a question of fact for the magistrate."

"Elaborate hypocrisy"

Moreover:

"These poor women do not know that they can appeal on fact to quarter sessions, and have not the means to do so if they knew of this right. The whole system under which it is sought to put down prostitution is an elaborate hypocrisy and to my mind is a disgrace to a community which professes to be Christian."

It is to be noted that these Acts of Parliament do not attempt to punish prostitution or immorality, as such, but merely its preliminary overtures, words and gestures conveying to a police officer that the woman is offering herself for hire.

The two main injustices are these: These laws do not apply to men who molest or annoy women; they do not apply to all women, but only to those of the "unfortunate" class.

But, provided a police officer can swear that a woman is a common prostitute, his uncorroborated evidence will usually be accepted as sufficient to convict.

Disproved charges

At the London Sessions, not long ago, a good-looking Frenchwoman, who, as a matter of fact, was engaged to be married to a well-to-do member of a Covent Garden firm, successfully appealed against a conviction at Bow Street, where she had been fined 40s.

The late Mr. H. T. Waddy whose long experience as a police court magistrate led him to conclude that in certain cases the convicted woman was not the chief offender

for "loitering and importuning" in Southampton Row.

The evidence against her was that of two policemen, who swore they had seen her speak to three men. Moreover, the police swore that the woman was of known bad character.

At the Sessions she had no difficulty in proving her respectability, the chairman intimating that no other witnesses were necessary after she had given her sworn evidence in the box.

The conviction was quashed—squashed would be the better word, utterly and with contempt.

From beginning to end this police mistake cost the lady £150, but in reply to her counsel, Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., M.P., the chairman, Mr. Cecil Whiteley, K.C., announced that it was "not the custom of that court to give costs against the police."

Costly blunder

Another successful Sessions appeal was that of a young woman convicted upon the evidence of two plain-clothes officers of improper behaviour in the vicinity of Charing Cross.

At Bow Street, both the policemen denied that on the evening in question they were in company with a number of bookmakers and this same woman in a public-house off the Strand.

There the matter would have rested had not money been found to carry the case to a higher court.

At the Sessions the manager of the public-house positively identified both police officers as having been in the woman's company in the bar at the time when she was alleged to have been misbehaving herself in the street.

This statement was confirmed by other witnesses, and the Bench cancelled the conviction.

This particular blunder cost £50 to rectify.

But not 1 per cent. of the women convicted under these obsolete statutes are sufficiently well off to appeal. The truth is that most of them have long ceased to hope for anything like justice in the police-courts.

At Marlborough Street, not long ago, a girl, accused under the Vagrancy Act, bitterly complained that, on the evening of her arrest, she had merely halted on the pavement to speak to a male acquaintance when she was charged with "riotous and indecent behaviour."

Asked for fuller particulars of the girl's riotously indecent conduct, all the constable could say was that she had been "speaking to men."

On this trumpery evidence the usual conviction was recorded. Forty shillings or fourteen days!

The two laws

Yet as the chairman of the London Sessions observed, when quashing the conviction of a well-known public man on a charge of "annoying" women in Hyde Park:

"It is not the law of the land that one person may not speak to another unless they have been formally introduced. I go further and say a man may speak to a woman without being charged with an offence."

This is the law for men. There is another for women.

Every year some 3,000 girls and women are imprisoned and another 3,000 fined on charges of "soliciting for immoral purposes," without any evidence save that of the police.

"Woman, where are those thine accusers?" was the question asked by Christ of the woman of evil repute.

The law of a Christian land should ask the same question before adding to the bitter load borne by these poor drabs of our city streets.

LAUGH AT YOUR DENTIST

and you laugh alone. Laugh at the jokes in "PASSING SHOW" and you laugh with everybody.

EVERY FRIDAY—2d

A ZOO IN EVERY BOTTLE

THE PAVING-STONE DAIRY

Save the Children!

THE other day, at the opening of a "clean milk" co-operative dairy, a representative of the engineers who had equipped it mentioned that in designing the sterilising plant they had learned much from the methods used by the brewers to ensure pure beer.

Unintentional, no doubt, but what an ironic comment on our poor human nature!

Beer is a beverage usually consumed by adults. Milk is a vital food for babies. Babies cannot look after themselves. They have to trust to us. We show what we are worth as trustees by taking more thought for our palates than for their lives.

Good intentions

If you doubt that, try and imagine what would happen if it were suddenly discovered that beer was being deliberately sold containing bacilli of a deadly disease and contaminated with the dung of animals.

Milk, however, is only the children's food, and although any one drop of it may harbour a miniature but most pernicious zoo, we content ourselves with the thought that the Ministry of Health is dealing with the matter. Has it not issued Orders?

Does anyone really think that the mere emission of an Order will alter by one cow-hair's breadth the methods of the farmers of Slowcombe or Puddlecombe or any other rural parish in England?

The principal moves of the Ministry have been the issue of the Tuberculosis Order of 1925 and of the Milk and Dairies Order of 1926. Both Orders were admirable in intention.

What fatality—*or what pressure of vested interests*—prevented the setting up by the Ministry of the machinery which would have translated intention into fact?

The Tuberculosis Order was issued for the purpose of bringing about the slaughter of all "bovine animals" suffering from certain forms or stages of tuberculosis, but it didn't provide any means of discovering such animals.

Forlorn hope

It placed upon the farmers the onus of reporting their own beasts, and it was therefore hopeless from the first so far as effecting any genuine improvement is concerned.

Unfortunately, very many of the really dangerous beasts may look quite sound. In many cases the fact that their milk contains tubercle bacilli can only be established by a bacteriological examination.

Yet the Order prohibits a veterinary inspector from submitting a suspected cow to the tuberculin test without the written permission of its owner. It does not provide for the detection of disease among dairy herds by regular inspection and compulsory tests.

That is why it is still true, as the medical officer of the Treloar Hospital for Crippled Children said, that "No single article of food produces more misery and a higher mortality than milk."

The Rt Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health, whose responsibility it is to see that Orders issued are carried out

That is why there are still less than 5 per cent. of our dairy herds certified as free from tuberculosis. That is why over 40 per cent. of our dairy herds are still diseased.

Poisonous samples

That is why the Medical Officer of Health for the City of London can point to the shameful fact that out of fifty consecutive samples of milk taken, one in four contained tubercle bacilli, and why we get equally damning reports from other districts, such as the one in three of Stoke.

And that is also why little children continue to contract tuberculous joints and bones and glands from the milk that was given them to nourish them. Is that a fact to be proud of?

What about that other of hell's paving-stones—the Milk and Dairies Order of 1926? As we have said, its intentions were good.

Among other things it ordered that every person engaged in milking cows must keep clothes and person in a cleanly condition.

All vessels and appliances for containing, measuring or stirring milk must be kept at all times in a state of thorough cleanliness.

All dirt must be removed from the flanks, udder and teats of each cow before milking. The floors of the cowshed must be cleansed with water every day. And so on.

Yet Dr. Kaye, Medical Officer of Health for the West Riding of Yorkshire, can still tell a Leeds conference that "in 42 per cent. of the samples of milk we recently took we found liquid manure."

Unanswerable facts

Dr. Moore, Medical Officer of Health for Huddersfield, can still retort to the Farmers' Union, "It is no good protesting. *The dirt is in the milk!*"

A total of 300 samples of milk from various districts can still show 129 containing filth, and so on, for many reports could be quoted did space permit.

All this is simply because, although the Ministry of Health issued an Order, it has done nothing to ensure the carrying out of the Order.

Enlightened farmers didn't need an Order to induce them to take measures to ensure cleanliness. The remainder—the majority—might never have heard of the Order for all the real effect it has had.

This enquiry was not set on foot by the Health Ministry, which one would naturally expect to take steps to see whether its orders are ignored or obeyed, but by us for the information of JOHN BULL readers.

It has shown that farmers all over the country are ignoring the Order regarding cleansing the cows, *many of which are milked with their flanks caked with matted dung.*

Cow-shed floors are not cleansed with water every day, nor, in some cases, every week. Many have obviously never been cleansed since the Order was issued. Farmers and their men continue to milk in the clothes they wear when "mucking out" and "muck spreading."

In an enormous number of cases the farmers do not wash out utensils with "boiling water or steam," as ordered.

An all-round disgrace

In many cases the utensils are merely "swilled" out with "hot" water, which is passed on from one utensil to another, once a week being considered enough for a "thorough" cleansing. In some cases milk pails are not even "swilled" out daily.

What is the Health Ministry going to do about it?

That depends upon the public. If its members will only grasp the awful fact that consumption and intestinal trouble and many other ills are the direct result of infected or filthy milk, *if they will only act as they would act if they saw their beer or water supply in danger of infection*, then they will force the Ministry of Health to set up such machinery of inspection as will compel farmers to carry out the Orders.

Then we may hope for clean milk. Then we may hope to see a gradual diminution in the number of infected dairy herds.

The States and Canada have shown us the way by instituting the reforms we have specified. We lag behind. That we do is a disgrace to our statesmen, to our farmers and to ourselves.

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COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

"For the Blood is the Life."

A Portrait of Master Evans

whose mother writes:

"My boy got a scratch from a nail which caused blood poisoning throughout his system—soon he was covered with sore places; each week some would heal but more would come. Then I was given some of your Clarke's Blood Mixture to try, and in a month there was a difference in my child; the sores were not so big, and, continuing with the mixture, gradually they were all gone. When I find any of my other children with a sore place I give them a week's course of Clarke's Blood Mixture and they get better."—(Signed) Mrs. Evans, Jacob St., Dingle, Liverpool.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

successfully cleansed Master Evans' blood and freed him of Sore Places.

Other sufferers will find Clarke's Blood Mixture just as good for Abscesses, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Swollen Glands, Hæmorrhoids, also Rheumatism and Gout, all of which are sure signs of Blood impurities.

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When outward application is also required Use CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE.

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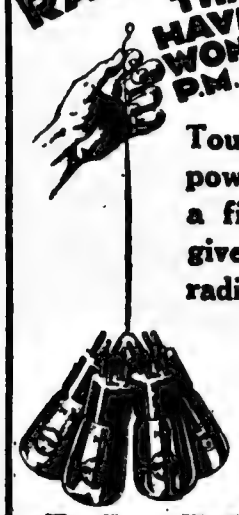

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THE FOUR JUST MEN AGAIN

The Marked

SECRETS do not remain secrets long when they come under the keen eyes of the "Just Men." Manfred, Gonsalez and Poiccart form an unbeatable combination and solving abstruse puzzles is their delight

THE man who called at the little house in Curzon Street was in a rage, and anxious to say something that would hurt his late employer.

He had also a personal grievance against Mr. Jens, the butler.

"Mr. Storn took me on as a second footman, and it looked like being a good job, but I couldn't hit it with the other servants. But was it fair to chuck me out because I let drop a word in Arabic?"

"Arabic?" asked Leon Gonsalez in surprise. "Do you speak Arabic?"

Tenley, the dismissed footman, grinned. "About a dozen words: I was with the Guards in Constantinople after the war, and I picked up a few phrases. I was polishing the silver, and I happened to say 'That's good' in Arabic; and I heard Mr. Storn's voice behind me.

"'You clear out,' he said, and before I knew what had happened, I was walking away with a month's salary."

Gonsalez nodded. "Very interesting," he said, "but why have you come to us?"

"Because there's a mystery there," said the man vaguely. "Why was I fired for my Arabic? What's the meaning of the picture in Storn's private room—the men being hung?"

Leon sat upright. "Men being hanged? What is that?"

"It's a photograph. You can't get it, because it's in the panelling and you have to open one of the panels. But I went in one day and he'd left the panel ajar. . . . Three men hanging from a sort of gibbet an' a lot of Turks looking on. That's a funny thing for a gentleman to have in his house."

Leon was silent for a while. "I don't know that that is an offence. It is certainly odd. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Apparently nothing. The man left a little sheepishly, and Leon carried the news to his partner. He remembered afterwards that he had been told nothing of the grievance against the butler.

The only thing I learnt about Storn is that he is extraordinarily mean, that he runs his house in Park Lane with a minimum number of servants, that he pays those the smallest wages possible. He is of Armenian origin and made his money out of oilfields which he acquired during the war—which means that he traded with the enemy.

"As to the three hanged men, that is rather gruesome, but it might be worse. I have seen photographs in the houses of the idle rich that would make your hair stand on end, my dear Poiccart. The morbid interest of a millionaire in a Turkish execution is not extraordinary."

"If I were an Armenian," said Manfred, "they would be my chief hobby; I should have a whole gallery of 'em!"

And there ended the matter of the morbid millionaire who lived meanly and underpaid his servants.

• • •

EARLY in April, Leon read in the newspaper that Mr. Storn had gone to Egypt for a short holiday.

By every test, Ferdinand Storn was a desirable acquaintance. He was immensely rich; he was personally attractive in a dark, long-nosed way; and to such people as met him intimately—and they were few—he could talk art and finance with equal facility

So far as was known he had no enemies. He lived at Burson House, Park Lane, a small, handsome residence which he had purchased from the owner, Lord Burson, for £50,000.

The Persian and Oriental Oil Trust, of which he was the head, had its offices in a magnificent building in Moorgate Street, and here he was usually to be found between ten o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon.

This Trust, despite its titled board, was a one-man affair, and conducted, amongst other things, the business of bankers. Storn held most of the shares, and was popularly supposed to derive an income of something like a quarter of a million a year. He had few personal friends, and was a bachelor!

It was just short of a month after Leon had read the news that a big car drew up at the door of the Triangle, and a stout, prosperous-looking man got out and rang the bell.

He was a stranger to Leon, who interviewed him, and was apparently loth to state his business, for he hummed and hawed and questioned until Leon, a little impatiently, asked him point-blank who he was and what was his object.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Gonsalez," said the stout man. "I am the General Manager of the Persian and Oriental Oil——"

"Storn's company?" asked Leon, his interest awakened.

"Storn's company. I suppose I really ought to go to the police with my suspicions, but a friend of mine has such faith in you and what he calls the Three Just Men, that I thought I had better see you first."

"Is it about Mr. Storn?" asked Leon.

• • •

THE gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Hubert Gray, the Managing Director of the Trust, nodded. "You see, Mr. Gonsalez, I am in rather a peculiar position. Mr. Storn is a very difficult man, and I should lose my job if I made him look ridiculous."

"He's abroad, isn't he?" asked Leon.

"He's abroad," agreed the other soberly. "He went abroad, as a matter of fact, quite unexpectedly—that is to say, it was unexpected by the office. In fact he had an important board meeting the day he left, which he should have attended, but on that morning I got a letter from him saying that he had to go to Egypt on a matter which affected his personal honour.

"He asked me not to communicate with him, or even to announce the fact that he had left London. Unfortunately, one of my clerks very foolishly told a reporter who had called that day that Mr. Storn had left.

"A week after he had gone, he sent us a letter from an hotel in Rome, enclosing a cheque for £83,000, and arranging that this cheque should be honoured when a gentleman called, which he did the next day."

"An Englishman?" asked Leon.

Mr. Gray shook his head. "No, he was a foreigner of some kind; a rather dark-looking man. The money was paid over to him.

"A few days later we had another letter from Mr. Storn, written from the Hotel de Russie, Rome. This letter told us that a further cheque had been sent to Mr. Kraman, which was to be honoured. This was for £107,000 and a few odd shillings. He gave us instructions as to how the money was to be paid, and asked us to telegraph to him at an hotel in Alexandria the moment the cheque was honoured. This I did.

"The very next day there came a second letter written from the Hotel Piazza des Plebiscito in Naples—I will let you have copies of all these—telling us that a third cheque was to be paid without fail, but to a different man, a Mr. Rezzio, who would call at the office.

"This was for £112,000, which very nearly exhausted Mr. Storn's cash balance, although of course he has large reserves at the bank. I might say that Mr. Storn is a man who is rather eccentric in the matter of large deposit reserves. Very little of his money is locked up in shares.

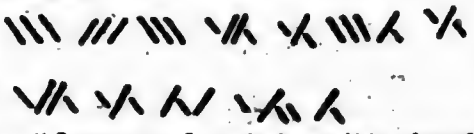
"Look here"—he took a note-case from his pocket and produced a cheque form—"this money has been paid, but I have brought you along the cheque to see."

Leon took it in his hand. It was written in characteristic writing, and he examined the signature. "There is no question of this being forgery?"

. . . compelled to write such letters and sign such cheques as they dictated

"None, whatever," said Gray emphatically. "The letter, too, was in his own handwriting. But what puzzled me about the cheque were the queer marks on the back."

They were indistinguishable to Leon until he took them to the window, and then saw a line of faint pencil marks which ran along the bottom of the cheque:



"I suppose I can't keep this cheque for a day or two?" asked Leon.

"Certainly. The signature, as you see, has been cancelled out, and the money has been paid."

Leon examined the cheque again. It was drawn on the Ottoman Oil Bank, which was apparently a private concern of Storn's.

"What do you imagine has happened?" he asked.

"I don't know, but I am worried. I don't know why I should be, but I have got an uncomfortable feeling that there is a swindle somewhere."

Cheque by Edgar Wallace

"Have you wired to Alexandria?"

Mr. Gray smiled. "Naturally; and I have had a reply. It struck me that you might have agents in Egypt, in which case it might be a simple matter for you to discover whether there is anything wrong. The main point is that I don't wish Mr. Storn to know that I have been making enquiries. I will pay any reasonable expenditure you incur, and I am quite sure Mr. Storn will agree that I have done the right thing."

After the departure of his visitor, Leon interviewed Manfred. "It may, of course, be a case of blackmail," said George softly. "But you will have to start at Storn's beginnings if you want to get under whatever mystery there is."

"So I think," said Gonsalez; and a few minutes afterwards went out of the house.

* * *

HE did not return till midnight. He brought back an amazing amount of information about Mr. Storn. "About

twelve years ago he was an operator in the service of the Ottoman Telegraph Company. He speaks eight Oriental languages, and was well known in Constantinople. Does that tell you anything, George?"

Manfred shook his head. "It tells me nothing yet, but I am waiting to be thrilled."

"He was mixed up with the Palace crowd, the understrappers who pulled the strings in the days of Abdul Ahmid, and there is no doubt that he got his Concession through these fellows."

"What Concession?" asked Manfred.

"Oil land, large tracts of it. When the new Government came into power, the Concession was formed, though I suspect our friend paid heavily for the privilege. His five partners, however, were less fortunate. Three of them were accused of treason against the Government, and were hanged."

"The photograph," nodded Manfred. "What happened to the other two?"

"The other two were Italians, and they were sent to prison in Asia Minor for the rest of their lives. When Storn came to London, it was as sole proprietor of the Concession, which he floated with a profit of £3,000,000.

The next morning Leon left the house early, and at ten o'clock was ringing the bell at Burson House.

The heavy-jowled butler who opened the door regarded him with suspicion.

"Mr. Storn is abroad, and won't be back for some weeks, sir."

Leon felt in his pocket and produced a card. "I am one of the Bursons," he said, "and as a matter of fact my father was born here. Some months ago I asked Mr. Storn if he would give me permission to look over the house."

The card contained a scribbled line, signed "Ferdinand Storn," giving permission to the bearer to see the house at any hour "when I am out of town."

It had taken Leon the greater part of an hour to forge that permit.

"I am afraid I cannot let you in, sir," said the butler, barring the passage. "Mr. Storn told me before he went that I was to admit no strangers."

"What is to-day?" asked Leon.

"Thursday, sir," said the man gruffly, and almost shut the door in the face of the caller.

Gonsalez made a circuit of the house. It stood with another upon an island site. When he had finished, he went home, an amused and almost excited man, to give instructions to Raymond Poiccart, who, amongst his other qualifications, had a very wide circle of criminal friends.

There was not a big gangster in London that he did not know. He was acquainted with the public-house in London where the confidence men and the safe smashers met: he could at any moment gather the gossip of the prisons, and was probably better acquainted with the secret news of the underworld than any man at Scotland Yard.

Leon sent this man on a news-gathering mission, and in a small public-house off Lambeth Walk, Poiccart learned of the dark philanthropist who had found employment for at least three ex-convicts.

* * *

LEON was sitting alone when he returned, examining with a powerful lens the queer marks on the back of the cheque.

Before Poiccart could retail his news, Leon reached for a telephone directory. "Gray, of course, has left his office, but unless I am mistaken this is his private address," he said, as his fingers stopped on one of the pages.

A servant answered his call. Yes, Mr. Gray was at home. Presently the Managing Director's voice came through.

"Mr. Gray, who would handle the cheques which you have received from Storn? I mean who is the official?"

"The accountant," was the reply.

"Who gave the accountant his job—you?"

A pause. "No—Mr. Storn. He used to be in the Eastern Telegraph Company. Mr. Storn met him abroad."

"And where is the accountant to be found?" asked Leon eagerly.

"He's on his holidays. He left before the last cheque came. But I can get him."

Leon's laugh was one of sheer delight. "You needn't worry—I knew he wasn't at the office," he said, and hung up.

"Now, my dear Poiccart, what did you find?"

He listened intently till his friend had finished, and then: "Let us go to Park Lane—and bring a gun with you," he said. "We will call at Scotland Yard *en route*.

It was ten o'clock when the butler opened the door. Before he could frame a question, a big detective gripped him and pulled him into the street.

The four plain-clothes officers who accompanied Leon flocked into the hall. A surly faced footman was arrested before he could shout a warning. At the very top of the house, in a small windowless apartment that had once been used as a box-room, they found an emaciated man, whom even his Managing Director, hastily summoned to the scene, failed to identify as the millionaire.

The two Italians who kept guard on him and watched him through a hole broken through the wall from an adjoining room gave no trouble. One of them, he who had carefully planted Burson House full of ex-convict servants, was very explicit.

"This man betrayed us, and we should have hanged like Hatim Effendi and Al Shiri and Maropulos the Greek, only we bribed witnesses," he said.

"We were partners in the oilfields, and to rob us he manufactured evidence that we were conspiring against the Government."

"My friend and I broke prison and came back to London. I was determined he should pay us the money he owed us, and I knew that we could never get it from a Court of Law."

* * *

"IT was a very simple matter, and I really am ashamed of myself that I did not understand those marks at the back of the cheque at first glance," explained Leon.

"Our Italian friend was one of the crowd that got the Concession: he had lived for years in London, and possibly it will be proved that he had criminal associates.

"At any rate, he had no difficulty in collecting a houseful of servants, playing as he did upon his knowledge of Storn's character. All these men offered to serve Storn for sums at which the average servant would have turned up his nose.

"It has taken the better part of a year to fill our friend's establishment with these ex-convicts.

"You remember that the footman who came to us a few months ago said that he had been employed, not by the butler but by Storn himself.

"They would have taken the first opportunity of getting rid of him, only inadvertently he used an Arabic expression, and Storn, who was suspicious of spies and probably expected the men whom he had betrayed to return, sent him packing.

"On the day Storn was supposed to leave for Egypt, he was seized by the two Italians, locked up in a room and compelled to write such letters and sign such cheques as they dictated.

"But he remembered, rather late in the day, that the accountant was an old telegraphist, and so he put on the back of the cheque, in pencil marks, a Morse message in the old symbols which were employed when the needle machine was most commonly used."

He produced the cheque and laid it on the table, running his finger along the pencil mark:

S O S P R S N R P R K L N

"In other words, 'Prisoner in Park Lane.' The accountant was on his holiday, so did not read the message."

Manfred took up the cheque, turned it and examined it. "What handsome fee will this millionaire send you?" he asked ironically.

The answer did not come till a few days after the Old Bailey trial. It took the form of a cheque—for five guineas.

"Game to the last!" murmured Leon, admiringly.

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This fine "Benefit" shoe represents the latest design in men's shoes and is priced much below its actual value. Made in fine calf, with patent cap, dark grey ankle reptile figured, it puts the finishing touch to a smart outfit. If these shoes do not give every satisfaction, return them, and we will refund the money.

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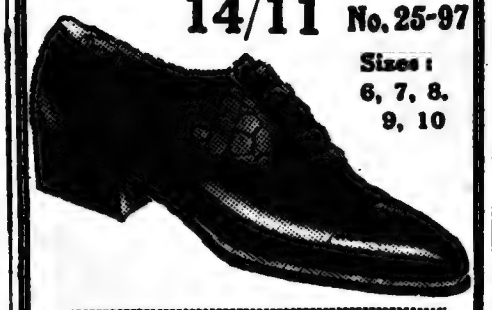

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It won't take a minute to send a postcard. Write one NOW—while you think of it.

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"For the Blood is the Life."

A Portrait of *Master Evans*

whose mother writes:

"My boy got a scratch from a nail which caused blood poisoning throughout his system—soon he was covered with sore places; each week some would heal but more would come. Then I was given some of your Clarke's Blood Mixture to try, and in a month there was a difference in my child; the sores were not so big, and, continuing with the mixture, gradually they were all gone. When I find any of my other children with a sore place I give them a week's course of Clarke's Blood Mixture and they get better."—(Signed) Mrs. Evans, Jacob St., Dingle, Liverpool.

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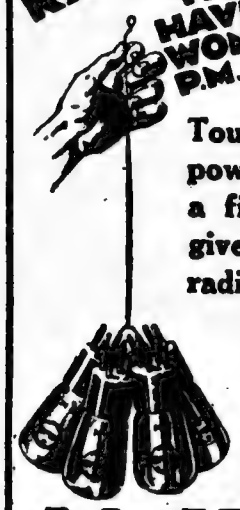

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The only thing I learnt about Storn is that he is extraordinarily mean, that he runs his house in Park Lane with a minimum number of servants, that he pays those the smallest wages possible. He is of Armenian origin and made his money out of oilfields which he acquired during the war—which means that he traded with the enemy.

"As to the three hanged men, that is rather gruesome, but it might be worse. I have seen photographs in the houses of the idle rich that would make your hair stand on end, my dear Poiccart. The morbid interest of a millionaire in a Turkish execution is not extraordinary."

"If I were an Armenian," said Manfred, "they would be my chief hobby; I should have a whole gallery of 'em!"

And there ended the matter of the morbid millionaire who lived meanly and underpaid his servants.

* * *

EARLY in April, Leon read in the newspaper that Mr. Storn had gone to Egypt for a short holiday.

By every test, Ferdinand Storn was a desirable acquaintance. He was immensely rich; he was personally attractive in a dark, long-nosed way; and to such people as met him intimately—and they were few—he could talk art and finance with equal facility

So far as was known he had no enemies. He lived at Burson House, Park Lane, a small, handsome residence which he had purchased from the owner, Lord Burson, for £50,000.

The Persian and Oriental Oil Trust, of which he was the head, had its offices in a magnificent building in Moorgate Street, and here he was usually to be found between ten o'clock in the morning and three o'clock in the afternoon.

This Trust, despite its titled board, was a one-man affair, and conducted, amongst other things, the business of bankers. Storn held most of the shares, and was popularly supposed to derive an income of something like a quarter of a million a year. He had few personal friends, and was a bachelor!

It was just short of a month after Leon had read the news that a big car drew up at the door of the Triangle, and a stout, prosperous-looking man got out and rang the bell.

He was a stranger to Leon, who interviewed him, and was apparently loth to state his business, for he hummed and hawed and questioned until Leon, a little impatiently, asked him point-blank who he was and what was his object.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Gonsalez," said the stout man. "I am the General Manager of the Persian and Oriental Oil——"

"Storn's company?" asked Leon, his interest awakened.

"Storn's company. I suppose I really ought to go to the police with my suspicions, but a friend of mine has such faith in you and what he calls the Three Just Men, that I thought I had better see you first."

"Is it about Mr. Storn?" asked Leon.

* * *

THE gentleman, who proved to be Mr. Hubert Gray, the Managing Director of the Trust, nodded. "You see, Mr. Gonsalez, I am in rather a peculiar position. Mr. Storn is a very difficult man, and I should lose my job if I made him look ridiculous."

"He's abroad, isn't he?" asked Leon.

"He's abroad," agreed the other soberly. "He went abroad, as a matter of fact, quite unexpectedly—that is to say, it was unexpected by the office. In fact he had an important board meeting the day he left, which he should have attended, but on that morning I got a letter from him saying that he had to go to Egypt on a matter which affected his personal honour.

"He asked me not to communicate with him, or even to announce the fact that he had left London. Unfortunately, one of my clerks very foolishly told a reporter who had called that day that Mr. Storn had left.

"A week after he had gone, he sent us a letter from an hotel in Rome, enclosing a cheque for £83,000, and arranging that this cheque should be honoured when a gentleman called, which he did the next day."

"An Englishman?" asked Leon.

Mr. Gray shook his head. "No, he was a foreigner of some kind; a rather dark-looking man. The money was paid over to him.

"A few days later we had another letter from Mr. Storn, written from the Hotel de Russie, Rome. This letter told us that a further cheque had been sent to Mr. Kraman, which was to be honoured. This was for £107,000 and a few odd shillings. He gave us instructions as to how the money was to be paid, and asked us to telegraph to him at an hotel in Alexandria the moment the cheque was honoured. This I did.

"The very next day there came a second letter written from the Hotel Plazza des Plebiscito in Naples—I will let you have copies of all these—telling us that a third cheque was to be paid without fail, but to a different man, a Mr. Rezzio, who would call at the office.

"This was for £112,000, which very nearly exhausted Mr. Storn's cash balance, although of course he has large reserves at the bank. I might say that Mr. Storn is a man who is rather eccentric in the matter of large deposit reserves. Very little of his money is locked up in shares.

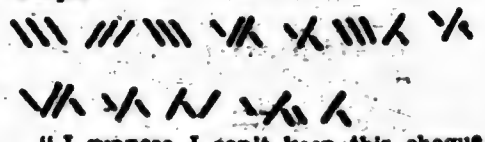
"Look here"—he took a note-case from his pocket and produced a cheque form—"this money has been paid, but I have brought you along the cheque to see."

Leon took it in his hand. It was written in characteristic writing, and he examined the signature. "There is no question of this being forgery?"

. . . compelled to write such letters and sign such cheques as they dictated

"None, whatever," said Gray emphatically. "The letter, too, was in his own handwriting. But what puzzled me about the cheque were the queer marks on the back."

They were indistinguishable to Leon until he took them to the window, and then saw a line of faint pencil marks which ran along the bottom of the cheque:



"I suppose I can't keep this cheque for a day or two?" asked Leon.

"Certainly. The signature, as you see, has been cancelled out, and the money has been paid."

Leon examined the cheque again. It was drawn on the Ottoman Oil Bank, which was apparently a private concern of Storn's.

"What do you imagine has happened?" he asked.

"I don't know, but I am worried. I don't know why I should be, but I have got an uncomfortable feeling that there is a swindle somewhere."

Cheque by Edgar Wallace

"Have you wired to Alexandria?"

Mr. Gray smiled. "Naturally; and I have had a reply. It struck me that you might have agents in Egypt, in which case it might be a simple matter for you to discover whether there is anything wrong. The main point is that I don't wish Mr. Storn to know that I have been making enquiries. I will pay any reasonable expenditure you incur, and I am quite sure Mr. Storn will agree that I have done the right thing."

After the departure of his visitor, Leon interviewed Manfred. "It may, of course, be a case of blackmail," said George softly. "But you will have to start at Storn's beginnings if you want to get under whatever mystery there is."

"So I think," said Gonsalez; and a few minutes afterwards went out of the house.

* * *

HE did not return till midnight. He brought back an amazing amount of information about Mr. Storn. "About

twelve years ago he was an operator in the service of the Ottoman Telegraph Company. He speaks eight Oriental languages, and was well known in Constantinople. Does that tell you anything, George?"

Manfred shook his head. "It tells me nothing yet, but I am waiting to be thrilled."

"He was mixed up with the Palace crowd, the understrappers who pulled the strings in the days of Abdul Ahmid, and there is no doubt that he got his Concession through these fellows."

"What Concession?" asked Manfred.

"Oil land, large tracts of it. When the new Government came into power, the Concession was formed, though I suspect our friend paid heavily for the privilege. His five partners, however, were less fortunate. Three of them were accused of treason against the Government, and were hanged."

"The photograph," nodded Manfred. "What happened to the other two?"

"The other two were Italians, and they were sent to prison in Asia Minor for the rest of their lives. When Storn came to London, it was as sole proprietor of the Concession, which he floated with a profit of £3,000,000.

The next morning Leon left the house early, and at ten o'clock was ringing the bell at Burson House.

The heavy-jowled butler who opened the door regarded him with suspicion.

"Mr. Storn is abroad, and won't be back for some weeks, sir."

Leon felt in his pocket and produced a card. "I am one of the Bursons," he said, "and as a matter of fact my father was born here. Some months ago I asked Mr. Storn if he would give me permission to look over the house."

The card contained a scribbled line, signed "Ferdinand Storn," giving permission to the bearer to see the house at any hour "when I am out of town."

It had taken Leon the greater part of an hour to forge that permit.

"I am afraid I cannot let you in, sir," said the butler, barring the passage. "Mr. Storn told me before he went that I was to admit no strangers."

"What is to-day?" asked Leon.

"Thursday, sir," said the man gruffly, and almost shut the door in the face of the caller.

Gonsalez made a circuit of the house. It stood with another upon an island site. When he had finished, he went home, an amused and almost excited man, to give instructions to Raymond Poiccart, who, amongst his other qualifications, had a very wide circle of criminal friends.

There was not a big gangster in London that he did not know. He was acquainted with the public-house in London where the confidence men and the safe smashers met: he could at any moment gather the gossip of the prisons, and was probably better acquainted with the secret news of the underworld than any man at Scotland Yard.

Leon sent this man on a news-gathering mission, and in a small public-house off Lambeth Walk, Poiccart learned of the dark philanthropist who had found employment for at least three ex-convicts.

* * *

LEON was sitting alone when he returned, examining with a powerful lens the queer marks on the back of the cheque.

Before Poiccart could retail his news, Leon reached for a telephone directory. "Gray, of course, has left his office, but unless I am mistaken this is his private address," he said, as his fingers stopped on one of the pages.

A servant answered his call. Yes, Mr. Gray was at home. Presently the Managing Director's voice came through.

"Mr. Gray, who would handle the cheques which you have received from Storn? I mean who is the official?"

"The accountant," was the reply.

"Who gave the accountant his job—you?"

A pause. "No—Mr. Storn. He used to be in the Eastern Telegraph Company. Mr. Storn met him abroad."

"And where is the accountant to be found?" asked Leon eagerly.

"He's on his holidays. He left before the last cheque came. But I can get him."

Leon's laugh was one of sheer delight. "You needn't worry—I knew he wasn't at the office," he said, and hung up.

"Now, my dear Poiccart, what did you find?"

He listened intently till his friend had finished, and then: "Let us go to Park Lane—and bring a gun with you," he said. "We will call at Scotland Yard *en route*.

It was ten o'clock when the butler opened the door. Before he could frame a question, a big detective gripped him and pulled him into the street.

The four plain-clothes officers who accompanied Leon flocked into the hall. A surly faced footman was arrested before he could shout a warning. At the very top of the house, in a small windowless apartment that had once been used as a box-room, they found an emaciated man, whom even his Managing Director, hastily summoned to the scene, failed to identify as the millionaire.

The two Italians who kept guard on him and watched him through a hole broken through the wall from an adjoining room gave no trouble. One of them, he who had carefully planted Burson House full of ex-convict servants, was very explicit.

"This man betrayed us, and we should have hanged like Hatim Effendi and Al Shiri and Maropulos the Greek, only we bribed witnesses," he said.

"We were partners in the oilfields, and to rob us he manufactured evidence that we were conspiring against the Government."

"My friend and I broke prison and came back to London. I was determined he should pay us the money he owed us, and I knew that we could never get it from a Court of Law."

* * *

"IT was a very simple matter, and I really am ashamed of myself that I did not understand those marks at the back of the cheque at first glance," explained Leon.

"Our Italian friend was one of the crowd that got the Concession: he had lived for years in London, and possibly it will be proved that he had criminal associates.

"At any rate, he had no difficulty in collecting a houseful of servants, playing as he did upon his knowledge of Storn's character. All these men offered to serve Storn for sums at which the average servant would have turned up his nose.

"It has taken the better part of a year to fill our friend's establishment with these ex-convicts.

"You remember that the footman who came to us a few months ago said that he had been employed, not by the butler but by Storn himself.

"They would have taken the first opportunity of getting rid of him, only inadvertently he used an Arabic expression, and Storn, who was suspicious of spies and probably expected the men whom he had betrayed to return, sent him packing.

"On the day Storn was supposed to leave for Egypt, he was seized by the two Italians, locked up in a room and compelled to write such letters and sign such cheques as they dictated.

"But he remembered, rather late in the day, that the accountant was an old telegraphist, and so he put on the back of the cheque, in pencil marks, a Morse message in the old symbols which were employed when the needle machine was most commonly used."

He produced the cheque and laid it on the table, running his finger along the pencil mark:

S O S P R S N R P R K L N

"In other words, 'Prisoner in Park Lane.' The accountant was on his holiday, so did not read the message."

Manfred took up the cheque, turned it and examined it. "What handsome fee will this millionaire send you?" he asked ironically.

The answer did not come till a few days after the Old Bailey trial. It took the form of a cheque—for five guineas.

"Game to the last!" murmured Leon, admiringly.

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Words Winged to Women

THEY CAN'T EAT GRASS!

by MABEL HORNER

"I WILL not cease from mental fight, nor shall my sword sleep in my hand, Till we have built Jerusalem, In England's green and pleasant land," sang William Blake, an eighteenth-century poet who loved children.

WAS ever a land more fair than ours in the sweet unfolding of its young summer-time? I doubt it. We have a green land, a watered land, of hill and dale, of rippling stream and starry meadow, a land which in each spring-time is rich with harvest promise.

Dullard, indeed, would he be who could wander the country-side which is ours and be untouched by its beauty.

Beautiful, too, is the country when summer is waning, and the rich orchards and fields are ripening for golden harvest. Looking on each hamlet and village with its clustering homesteads we might well deem each one happy and blessed above any of those who perforce must live cooped up in the towns.

The haunting spectre

But we should be wrong. For there is a terror by day and a spectre that constantly walks the nights of this fair country, that saps the joy from family life and takes the little children by the throat. Its name is poverty.

It is wicked poverty, of a kind and character to wring the heart. For its chief victims are little children.

Not long ago I wrote of little children I knew happily at play in a meadow. The field was on the outskirts of London, but all the essentials of child happiness were there, green grass, sunshine, flowers and trees and birds and animals, and I said that these were the natural surroundings for children. They always ought to have free access to such fresh air.

A mother in the very heart of the country, whose home is set in the very midst of beauty, read that description, and out of the bitterness of her heart she writes to me:

"I quite agree that children should all have fields to romp and play in. I grant it would be a wonderful thing for some kiddies now deprived of such happiness. But have you never thought how playing out in the fresh air makes the children extra hungry so that you wonder how ever you are to get the food to satisfy them? That takes the gloss off things!"

Few persons, I imagine, ever do think of that, least of all the comfortable who send out their well-cared-for children for a daily airing for the precisely opposite reason—namely, to get colour into their cheeks and an appetite for the meals that are always abundantly supplied and waiting.

The Rt. Hon. Walter Guinness, D.S.O., M.P., Minister of Agriculture

"I have six healthy children," this poor mother proceeds, "and all I have to keep house on is 30s. a week. To keep eight people supplied with food, clothes and boots, to say nothing of coal and lamp oil, on such a sum makes life nothing but one constant anxiety and worry.

"Yes, open air for bairns is splendid if only one could afford to feed them. As things are, it merely makes them too hungry to satisfy. Is it not just about time that something was done for us poor country folk?"

I say without apology that life under such conditions for the mother of a big family is damnable. She produces the children, "does her duty to the State," as both Church and State combine to urge her, and then? She must suffer the constant torment of endless pinching and semi-starvation for both herself and children.

Her husband, if he was properly fed for his arduous toil, could very well consume all the food available.

But there are other hardships. Wet or fine, the children must walk one-and-a-half miles to school. Bad boots lead to wet feet, and that means illness. Fresh air will not render underfed and badly-shod little children immune from attacks of rheumatism and bronchial pneumonia, and there is no free medical aid.

And that, very briefly, is the story of the lives of thousands of our agricultural labourers to-day. It is not living. It is mere existence on terms on which a farmer's stock would refuse to thrive.

Yes, it is indeed time that we took up in earnest the question of "doing something for poor country folk," and the first thing called for is justice.

The golden rule

A beginning has been made by the Ministry of Agriculture in fixing a new scale of wages at slightly higher rates. It has also made regulations as to hours, Sunday work and overtime. Any man uncertain as to whether or not he is receiving wages according to this new scale should certainly send details of his employment and remuneration to the Ministry. It asks for such reports.

For the rest, it is only too true that when the Government fix such minimum rates they are interpreted by employers as maximum rates. That is wrong.

The Golden Rule is still the only one to make life endurable as between employer and employed. Unfortunately, it has never yet been generally applied to those who plough and sow and reap and garner the bounties of nature on our beautiful country-side.

The Sentence of the Court

BIG BILL'S BRAYS

Chicago's Comic Mayor

WHEN charged with riotous behaviour, William Hale Thompson, Mayor of Chicago, by the grace of sundry bootleggers, crooks and sharpers, answered "Big Bill don't plead — he jest does things!"

"In bringing this charge," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "it must not be thought that the prosecution is in any way attempting to interfere in Chicago municipal politics.

"The eloquent gentleman in the dock, who makes a habit of speaking of himself in the third person as 'Big Bill,' was known during the war as Chicago's pro-German mayor, and earned notoriety by his refusal to give a civic reception to Marshal Joffre, on the ground that Chicago was the world's sixth-biggest German city.

"Having just managed to get himself re-elected mayor, after spending some years in well-deserved obscurity, Big Bill has formulated a foreign policy.

"This, as defined in his own choice words, is to 'bust King George on the snoot if he doesn't keep it out of Chicago.' He has assured Chicago that since his re-election 'London has been in a panic' and 'the Horse Guards have been doubled.'

"Big Bill's latest obsession is that British agents are spreading disloyalty in the Chicago schools by using 'pro-British text books' and 'teaching the kiddies that King George is our best friend.'

"Determined that the City of Wooden Ham shall not be governed from Buckingham Palace, he has succeeded in getting a Board of Education Committee appointed to investigate the dark doings of these mythical British agents.

"The more he is laughed at by sane people, the more insulting Mayor or Nightmare Thompson becomes in his references to King George. Admittedly Big Bill is a joke, but as a bad joke can become as offensive as a bad egg, it is time this court intervened, even at the risk of being busted on the snoot."

* * *

"I'll tell the world," announced the accused, who conducted his own defence, "Big Bill ain't the guy to peddle the humble stuff in any goldarn British court of justice. The only thing they've got against Big Bill is that he don't stand up an' sing 'God Save the King' before breakfast, an' one of youse horsehair guys can jest toddle off to Ill old Buckingham Castle and tell King George so, with Big Bill's compliments."

* * *

"Chicago citizens, who do not, apparently, object to being murdered at the rate of one in every twenty-four hours, are evidently prepared to stand anything, including a comic mayor who has earned the city even more notoriety than did the tinned-meat revelations of a few years back," said Mr. Justice Bull.

"If Chicago doesn't mind being laughed at, I am sure the rest of the world doesn't mind supplying the laughter; but when the prisoner descends to calculated offensiveness at the expense of King George, he must look to his own snoot.

"How the British Royal family ever became an 'issue' in Chicago municipal politics, no man knoweth, except Big Bill and his weird associates.

"If all American citizens were as fearful of sinister British conspiracies as this mayoral mad-hatter, the United States would soon become known as the United Shakes.

"The offence of which the accused has been found guilty calls for very severe punishment so I cannot do less than sentence him to remain in Chicago for the term of his natural life."

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PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are sup writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first f

"A FEW years ago I suffered sad bereavement in the death of my husband, who left me almost totally unprovided for, with the anxiety of making arrangements for the upbringing of my three children.

"The only work for which I was qualified necessitated my travelling abroad continually, so that my home had to be broken up.

"My two boys were boarded out with a kindly neighbour, and they have now started to work, though, of course, their earnings are not yet sufficient to maintain them.

"My greatest anxiety has been my daughter. I put her into domestic service where she should have been very comfortable, for she was well fed, and I provided her with clothes and pocket-money to add to her wage of 7s. a week, but she did not consider that she was earning sufficient for her age of seventeen.

"One day I was distressed to learn from her mistress that she had left, and I found that she had obtained employment in some sort of side-show at a circus, where she was paid 35s. a week, of which she seemed very proud.

"That did not last long. While I was abroad I received a letter from her saying that it was written on her last day in England, and that she was going to Germany, having signed a contract for a seven months' engagement at £2 10s. a week, with board and lodging provided.

"IT seemed to me strange that a girl of nineteen should be able to enter into such a contract without my knowledge or approval, and I was greatly worried.

"Now I have received most distressing news. It appears that she and three other girls who cannot speak a word of German are being carted about from place to place in a caravan, and are very badly treated, as the cost of their keep is deducted from their wages.

"Worst of all, my daughter is in the greatest trouble through one of the men, and she begs pathetically for me to get her home again as she has not enough money for the fare.

"With her brothers to support, I have not enough money either, and to make matters worse my daughter seems to be terrorised by her employers, who threaten all sorts of penalties if her contract is broken."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your daughter should at once apply to the nearest British Consul for assistance to enable her to return home, and you should report the whole of the matter to the Home Secretary, so that, if possible, he may take action against those guilty of inducing young girls to go abroad without the knowledge of their parents in such a shameful manner.*

* * *

The Two Widows

"MY father and mother were very unhappy in their married life, owing to my father's unfortunate addiction to drink, and just over fifteen years ago my mother obtained a separation order. She did not ask or receive any maintenance, her only wish being to be left in peace.

"All went well until quite recently, when we saw a report in a newspaper of the sudden death of a man of the same name and age as my father. I made investigation and discovered that it was, indeed, my father who had died.

"It is here that the trouble which is causing me and my mother great perplexity commenced.

"I found that my father had bigamously married again. The woman did not know of my mother's existence, and she was in such distress that I did not like to tell her that she had never been legally my father's wife, and that her boy of about nine was illegitimate.

"Now she has written to me asking for particulars regarding my father to assist her in applying for a widow's pension. My mother does not want the pension, and would rather the other woman had it.

"Must I now tell this poor woman the truth and add shame to her sorrow, or should I give her just the information she requires?

"Would either my mother or myself be liable to any penalty if we knowingly assisted the wrong widow to draw the pension, and thus helped to make life easier for two people who have been cruelly wronged?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I appreciate your desire to save the bereaved woman from shame, but you must not make false statements, or conceal the truth, to enable her to draw a pension to which she is not legally entitled. If a pension is payable let your mother draw it and apply it to the benefit of the bereaved woman and her boy.*

* * *

Dog in the Manger

"A FEW years ago I met a young woman who was separated from her husband through his brutality and ultimately we decided to live together as man and wife. We were happy in our home with a child that had been born to us until recently, when the husband came on the scene.

"When I told him that he had all the evidence he needed, and that he ought to divorce his wife so that I could marry her, he said he knew a better game than that.

"Several times recently he has called at the house in my absence and asked his wife to lend him money. I went to see him about this and he asked me how much I would pay him to take divorce proceedings.

"When I said I had not the means to give him anything, he told me he intended to 'get his own back,' and to make his wife as miserable as he possibly could.

"I am afraid now what may happen when I am not there to protect the dear little woman who is as much to me as if she were legally my wife."

"HUMANIST" says: *A guilty wife cannot compel her husband to divorce her, but it is very caddish on his part to pursue her so vindictively, and he shows his true character by suggesting that he should be paid to give her her freedom. If he should threaten to molest her, action might be taken against him for conduct likely to lead to a breach of the peace.*

Saying "Thank You."

GRATITUDE finds its simplest and best expression in gifts and those who have most to be thankful for should give the most generously. Poor souls in desperate need will benefit by your gratitude if you display your thankfulness in a contribution to "The Greatest of These ——" Fund. (See page 34.)

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